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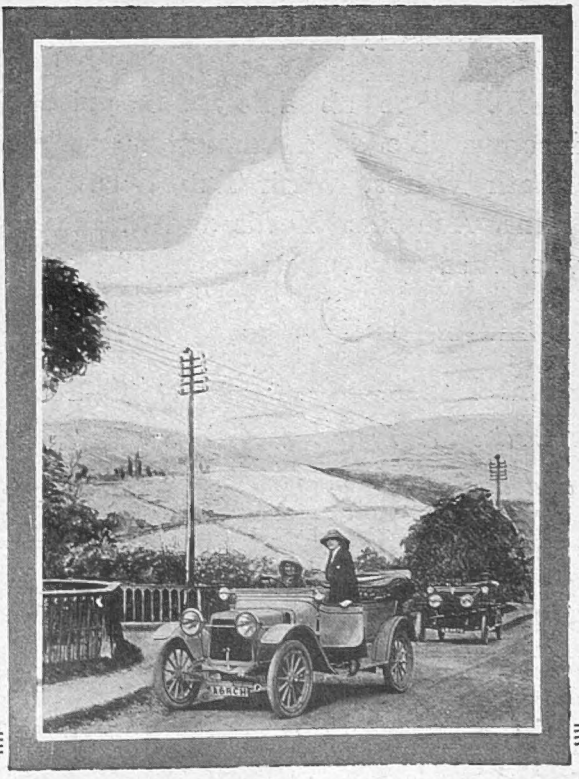

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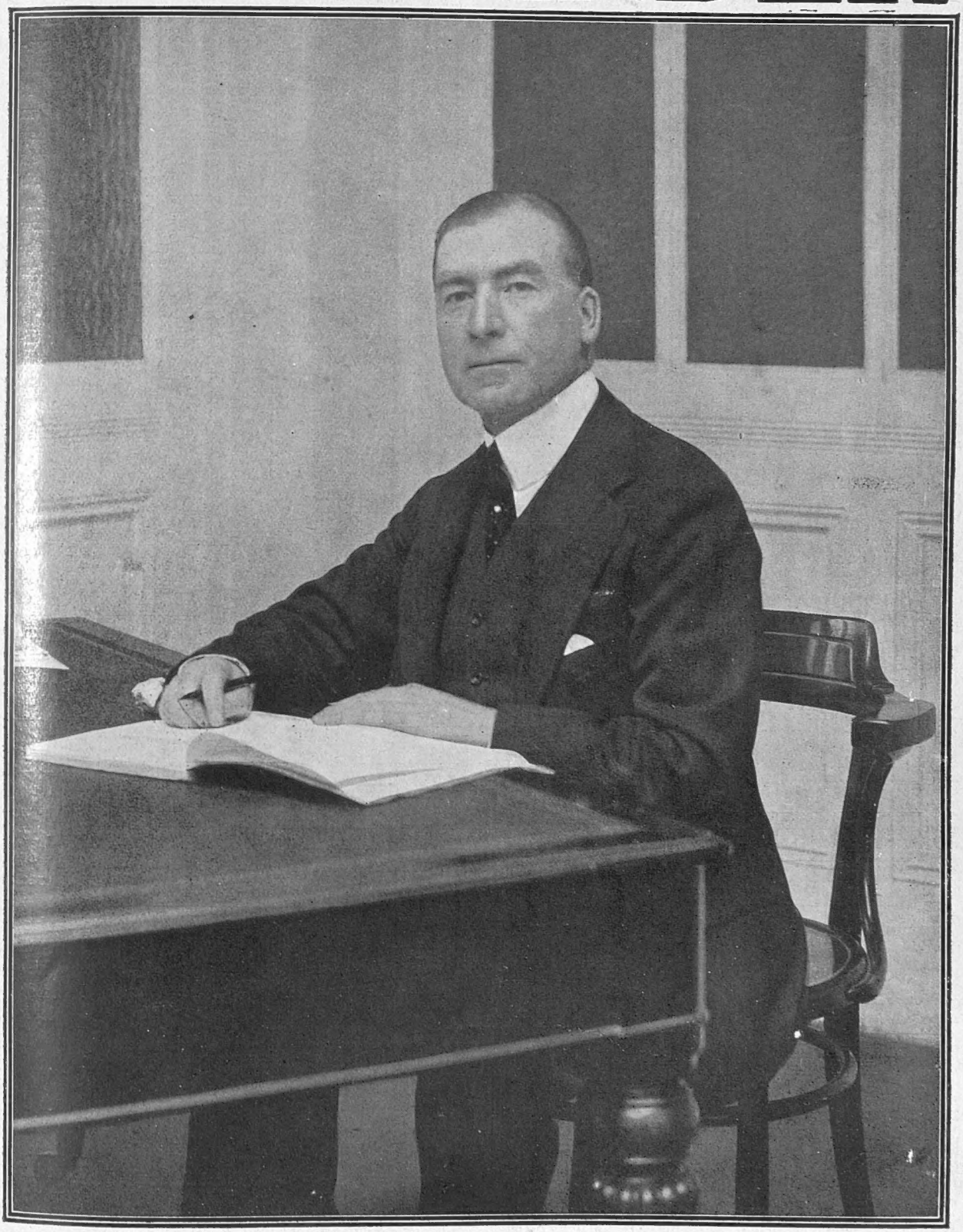
The BYSTANDER



BRITISH PUBLIC? WHO ARE THEY?

Mr. E. T. Hulton, a prosperous North of England newspaper proprietor, to whom the British public are indebted for the knowledge that they have no right to information from owners as to the fitness or unfitness of horses taking part in races. The said information was given in reply to a question by Mr. Justice Darling in the Wootton v. Sievier action

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

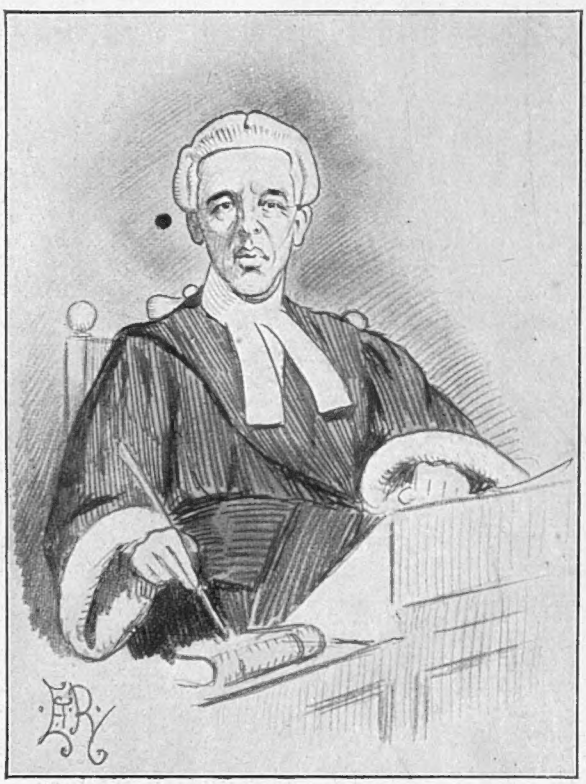
Uninteresting Balkans

A delightful regard for old-world conventions still seems to characterise the Near Eastern belligerents. Turkey, having retaken Thrace from Bulgaria, is now likely to declare war on that unhappy State! But the British public is, I suppose, too much enchained by the missing pearl necklace and too much arrested by the police in quest of Mrs. Pankhurst to be bothered with the fact that six nations are at war in the East. For once there seems some sense in our magnificent apathy. As to which of the incorrigible warfarers shall have which strip of uncultivable land on the banks of which unnavigable river is so very much their own affair that it is right they should be left to fight it out or talk it over. Trouble only really begins down in those parts when any one of the Six Great Noses is poked into the pickle. We are disposed to regard these peoples as more or less on a common level of "Christianity" or "civilisation," and as to which devours which is a matter of purely local dietetic interest.

* * *

"Our Very Own"

It is always amusing to watch the antics of certain organs of the halfpenny Press in their treatment of this subject. For days together it is either ignored as though there were no war at all, or tucked away where it isn't likely to distract attention from Our Very Own Waterplane Race, or whatever else We are personally exciting Ourselves about. Then, one fine day, Our Very Own Correspondent happens to hear in the distance the whizzing of a few shells and to see the smoke of a few rifles. Immediately the war becomes of paramount interest. For Brown at Belgrade has *seen* something of it, and we must try and make our special correspondents contribute something to their very expensive keep!



EASILY MR. JUSTICE DARLING'S BEST JOKE
HIS LORDSHIP: "Is there any sort of recognition on the Turf that the public have any rights at all?"
MR. HULTON: "Oh, no. Of course not"
(The joke lies in the Judge's assumption that the public, nowadays, have any rights anywhere)
BY E. T. REED

The Position of the Public

I read that "some sensation" was caused in the Wootton *v.* Sievier case by the statement by Mr. E. T. Hulton that owners felt under no obligation to inform the public as to the condition of horses on which they may have lain or taken odds. If one's fancy has—say—taken a chill or wricked his ankle we may hear of it afterwards, indirectly, but not before, by right. I am at a loss to know why there should be "sensation" at this. Isn't the position of the "public" in this matter more or less exactly what it is elsewhere?

* * *

An Instance

Take politics, for instance. Suppose we were backing our favourites "Attorney" and "Chancellor" to win or be placed in the electoral stakes. What right have we to know even if the one has picked up 10,000 American chills, or if the other had wricked his rectitude in the same stable? When the race is over, and both horses are badly left on the course, we are at liberty to try to learn what we can from anxious inquiry. But let us not be surprised if we get some stable-boy language for our pains. As to a crack Whip taking part in a chase and then departing from the field without weighing-in—well, I know a political example of that too.

* * *

Protest—Unavailing But Strong

To protest against the appointment of Isaacs to the Chief Justiceship is to beat the desert air. Deep down in the Marconi murk, I have no doubt there is some very good reason why Mr. Asquith cannot help the appointment. Sir Rufus has, of course, been very useful to the Government, and as no proper vote of censure was passed on him by the Tied House,

The Season in Full Swing at Sofia!

"All the best people in the Balkans are now here, or are arriving shortly. The town will soon be full of visitors"
(*Sofia Gazette and Visitors' List*)

BY E. T. REED

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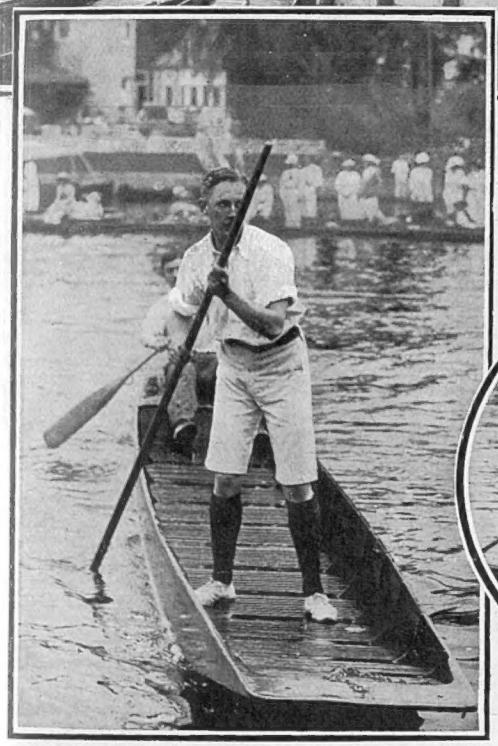
Aquatics—Ashore and Afloat

SCENES AT THE GUARDS' REGATTA AT MAIDENHEAD LAST WEEK

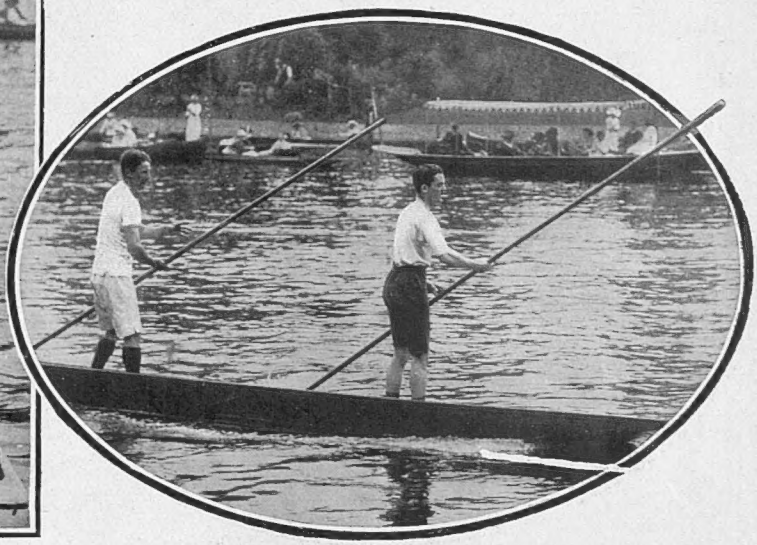
NOT THE LEAST ENJOYABLE PART

Of the afternoon's proceedings—sitting on the lawns to watch the racing. The Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P., placed his riverside grounds at the disposal of the Guards for a private enclosure



LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON

Coming ashore after taking part in the "puntling" race



WINNERS BY SEVERAL LENGTHS

Major Matheson and D. C. Bingham, who beat Capt. Viscount Dalrymple and B. W. Smith in the Double Punting Race

THE START OF THE "PUNTLING" RACE

In which a punt-pole and paddle are used. This race was won by Major J. V. Campbell and D. C. Bingham

The Household Brigade held their annual regatta at Bray Reach, Maidenhead, last Wednesday, when a large assembly turned up, and some excellent races—punting, sculling, and dongola—were seen

Long Life to Lord Alverstone!

Mr. Asquith had, I suppose, no ground to go back on anything he may have promised to do for him. Futile as it is, however, we do protest. A Lord Chief Justice ought, we contend, without being in the least anti-Semitic, to be of the English race, and a member of the established English Church. He should have made a reputation not only at the Bar and in hack party politics, but also as a jurist, and as some sort of an *intellectuel*. I have never read a speech of Sir Rufus Isaacs on any subject which revealed him to be anything wider or higher than the usual silk in politics. Why he has never even, to my recollection, cracked a joke, and a Judge who's never done that will make a dull Chief.

* *
*

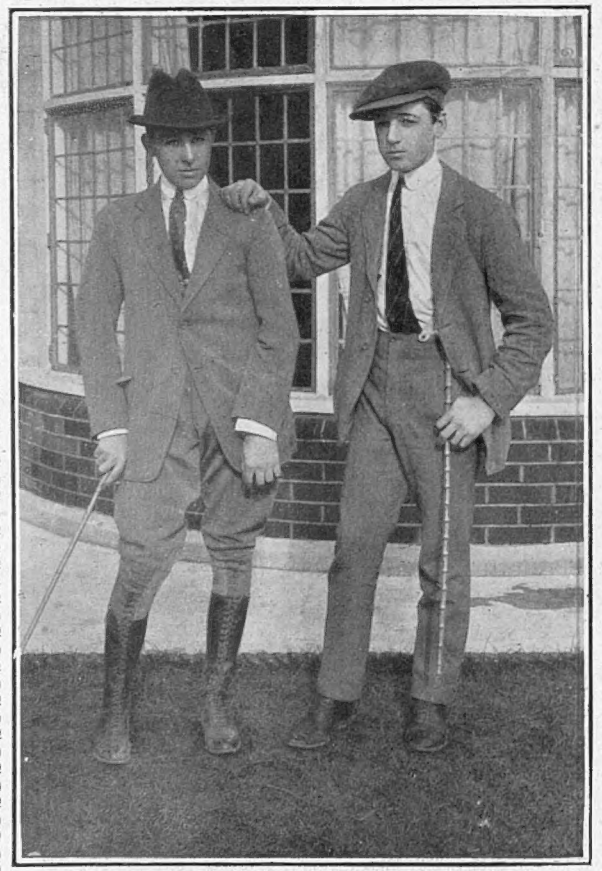
Always the Cross-Examiner

In the House, Isaacs is an admitted failure. He has never been able to lose the cross-examining manner. I remember once watching him hector Mr. Balfour as though he were a shady witness in a police court, and was quite delighted when the statesman calmly placed his feet on the table and went off to sleep.

* *
*

Oil

Mr. Churchill was very kind to tell us that not a single member of the Board of Admiralty was financially interested in the shares of any of the contracting oil companies. Personally, I hadn't read it suggested anywhere that the Sea Lords were so interested. Mr. Churchill is, no doubt, a more conscientious devourer of the scandal-mongering Press. Anyway, what interests the public is not who has not got oil shares but who has.



THE MOST-DISCUSSED JOCKEYS OF THE DAY

Frank (on left) and Stanley Wootton, whose fair riding or otherwise is a factor in the lawsuit, Wootton v. Sievier, which is at present engaging the attention of the Courts. The photograph was taken at Treadwell House, Epsom

Photograph *Topical*

SIR RUFUS ISAACS

Who will, it is stated—on, we hope, bad authority—take Lord Alverstone's place on his retirement from the Lord Chief Justiceship. Our comment here is "Long life to Lord Alverstone"

* *
*

A Useful Garden Party

"Society" is, I hope, bearing up at the fact that the Royal Garden Party was a useful rather than an ornamental one, given to school teachers, rather than to "Society." Still, the reign is itself a useful one, and Society, if it wishes for Royal approval, must change its little ways. Another evidence of the Royal eye for the things that matter was the patronage of the Russian opera at Drury Lane, which has been so brilliantly outvying the Italian at Covent Garden this season. I am rather hoping that Beecham *père et fils* will be found in the next Honours' List as a reward for providing London with the music that it wants in place of the music it has had to put up with.

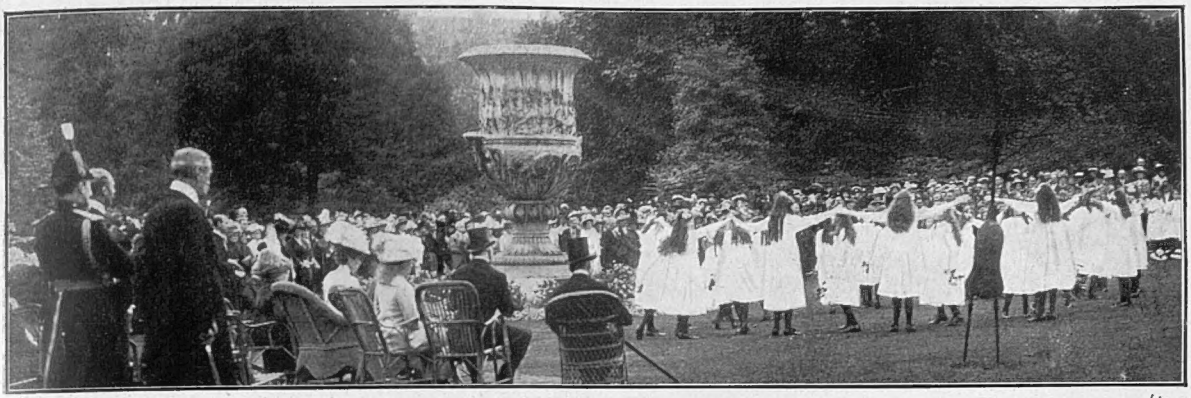
* *
*

The Right to Hiss

The practice of hissing seems to be growing in English theatres—which, by-the-bye, is a very good thing. Anything more insulting to an artist than the conventional Victorian applause that simply

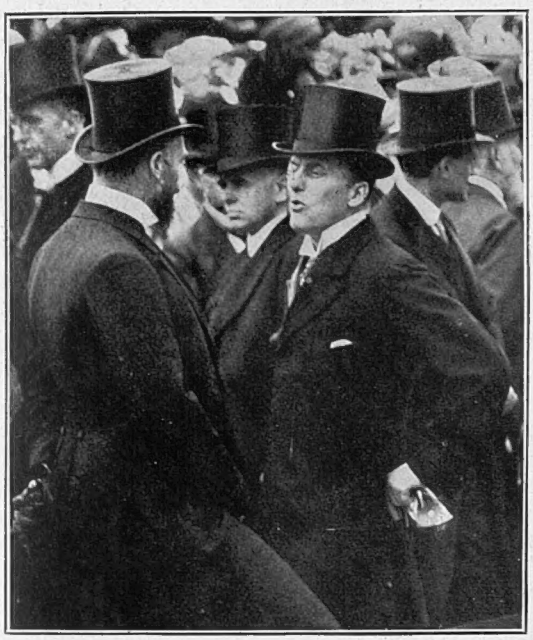
The Useful Reign

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY TO LONDON SCHOOL TEACHERS



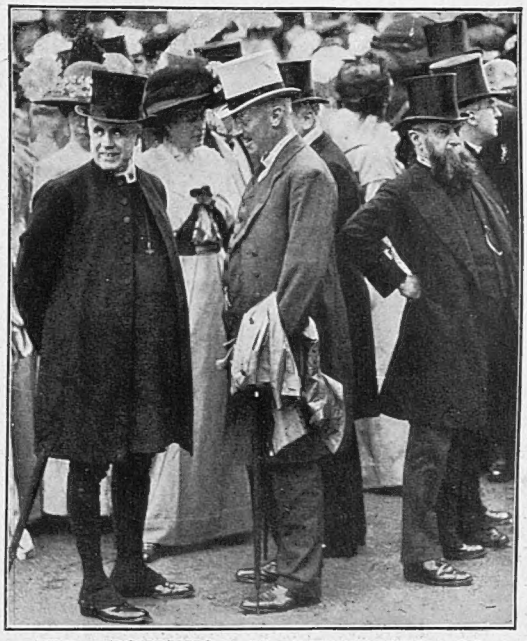
"SUMER IS ICUMEN IN"

Sung by a full choir, while twenty girls in white danced on the lawn before the King and Queen and their guests

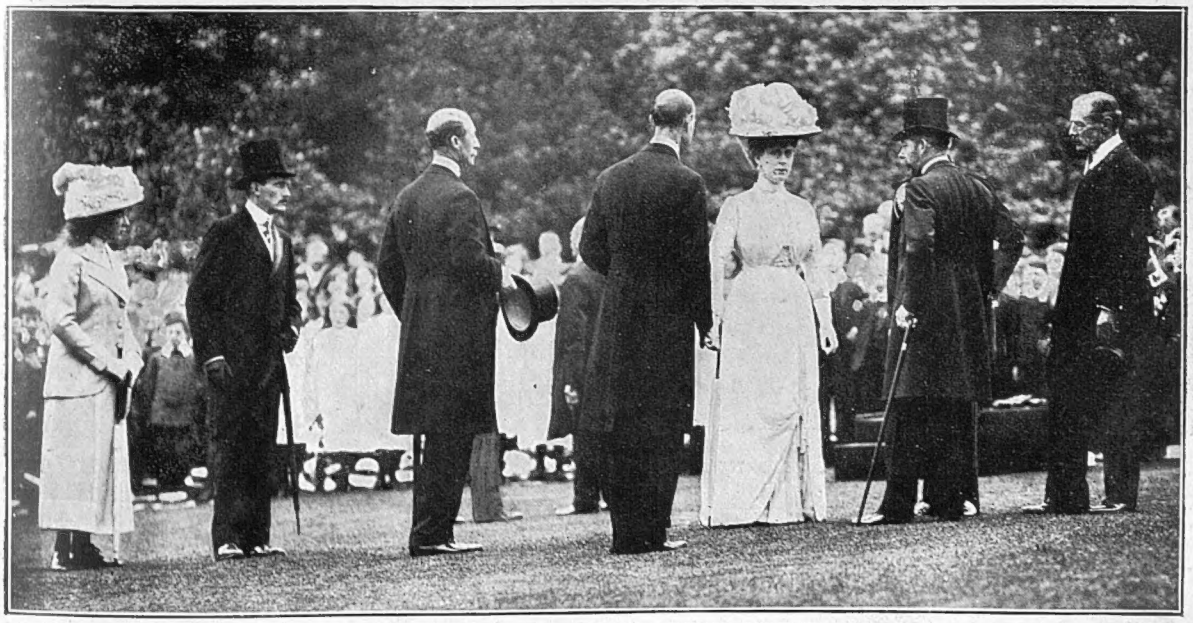


MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

Discusses probably anything but politics with a friend



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR. MACNAMARA, AND (on right) THE DUKE OF NORFOLK



THEIR MAJESTIES AMONG THEIR GUESTS

On the left of the photograph may be seen Prince Arthur of Connaught and Princess Mary. The Royal Garden Party held last Saturday at Buckingham Palace, when the King and Queen entertained 5,000 London school teachers and 500 children from the schools, who sang and danced for their Royal host and hostess, was a great success in every way. One left the Palace with a sincere conviction of Their Majesties' regard for every part of national life, and not least for those responsible for the education of the future citizen

A Safe Man for the Laureateship

signifies a full-stop cannot be imagined. Wherefore I am delighted that a Cardiff man who was ejected from a music-hall for hissing got £50 damages. One has a right to hiss just as one has a right to clap. For any manager to dare to interfere is gross impertinence. I wish some of them could visit an Italian theatre or two.

***

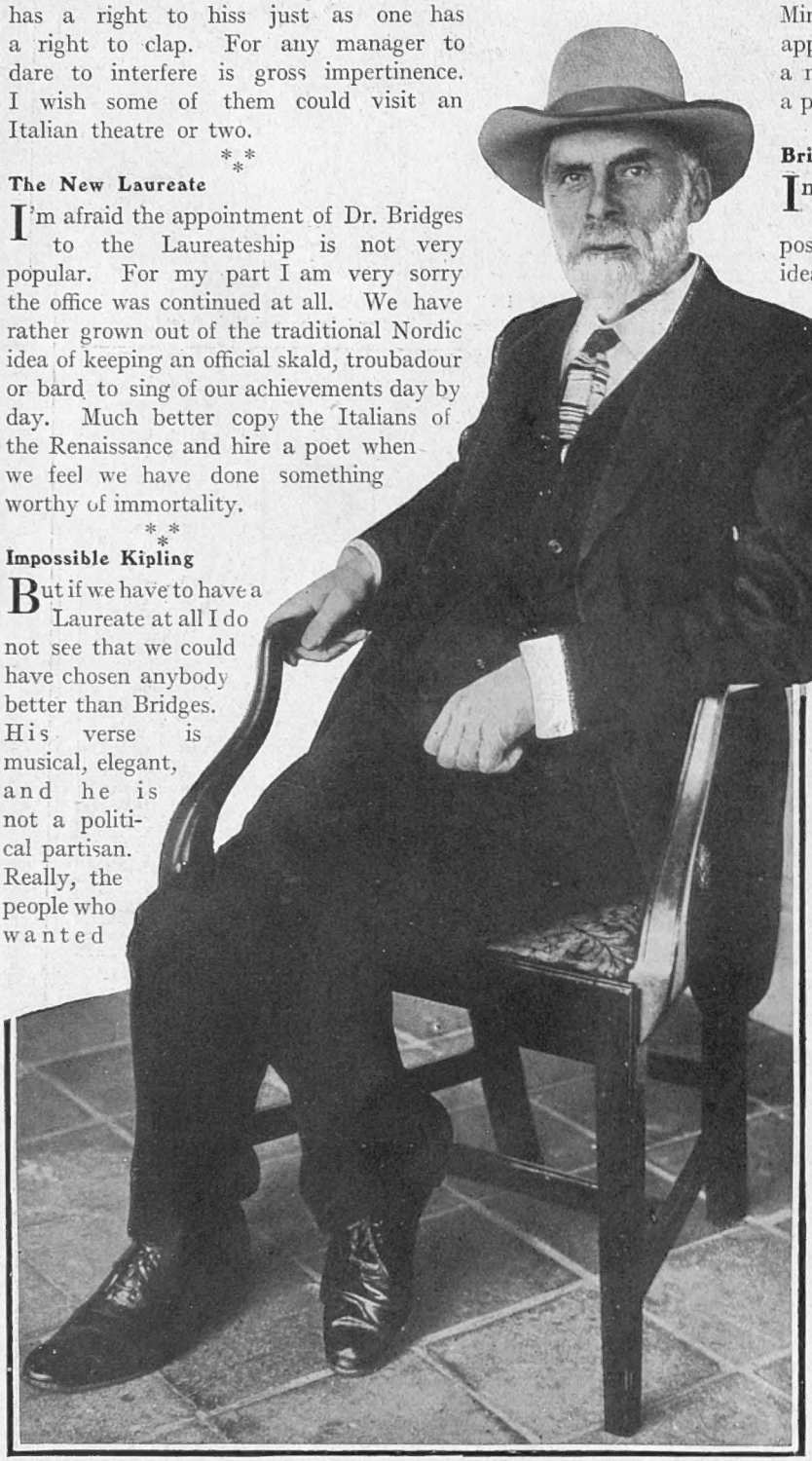
The New Laureate

I'm afraid the appointment of Dr. Bridges to the Laureateship is not very popular. For my part I am very sorry the office was continued at all. We have rather grown out of the traditional Nordic idea of keeping an official skald, troubadour or bard to sing of our achievements day by day. Much better copy the Italians of the Renaissance and hire a poet when we feel we have done something worthy of immortality.

***

Impossible Kipling

But if we have to have a Laureate at all I do not see that we could have chosen anybody better than Bridges. His verse is musical, elegant, and he is not a political partisan. Really, the people who wanted Kipling ought to remember that a Liberal Government is in power, and that even a Liberal Government is human. And I fancy Kipling's Jingoism is rather out of date except in the clubs of a few provincial towns in the South of England. And, speaking strictly from the poetical point of view, Kipling, if he wrote "Recessional," was also responsible for "The Absent-Minded Beggar," quite the most appalling piece of doggerel that even a national subject has extracted from a poet—with music to fit.



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DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, THE NEW POET LAUREATE

When Austin passed, some hoped we'd be
From laureate bards for ever free.
Still, if some brains we needs must rack
For a pound a week and a butt of sack,
In Bridges here's at least a man
Whose verses we can safely scan
Without the ill desire to tak'
And drown him in his butt of sack. V.C.

***

Bridges and Tennyson

In one respect, at least, the new Laureate is qualified for his position—according to the popular idea of what a Laureate should be. The popular idea is, of course, Lord Tennyson, and Tennyson was handsome, bearded, gruff, and very delightful when one knew him well. Dr. Bridges is all these things. By "approximation of personality," therefore, he is the ideal Laureate from the popular point of view. Let us hail him as such.

***

Be Logical

Mr. Winans has been making a great fuss, which may or may not be justified, in various of my contemporaries on the subject of "docking" horses. If, however, attention is to be drawn to cruel practices, it is time something was said about the process known as "nicking"—that is, the unnatural arching of the horse's tail—a really cruel and barbarous operation. How many of the horses at Olympia with long flowing tails had been "nicked," I wonder?

***

Women's "Undress"

There is trouble in the air on the question of women's dress—or "undress," as some journals indelicately put it. But why all this fuss about "V-shaped necks" and "slashed skirts"? People seem to have forgotten that in what was certainly the most puritanical period through which this country ever passed—that of the Commonwealth—women's gowns were cut just about as low as they are to-day. But that isn't the point. Broad-minded men and women will ask themselves whether the prevailing fashions are graceful or not, and they will be bound to admit that they are.

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Charming Imperial Sisters

Photograph *Boissonnas and Eggler*

THE GRAND DUCHESSES OLGA AND TATIANA

The Tsar's two elder daughters, whose ages, in spite of their "grown-up" appearance, are only seventeen and sixteen respectively. The contemplation of their attractive faces and figures will, we expect, inspire the proper sentiment on the part of eligible princes among our readers

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Odd Notes on Odd Topics

to predict that a descendant of the wealthy Baghdad merchants and granddaughter of—

Sir Albert Abdullah Sassoon,
That Indian auriferous coon—

as a Limerick of his day put it, would ever have the chance of becoming an English marchioness.

* *
*

Originality

It was, at any rate, a masterstroke of originality on Lord Rocksavage's part not to marry an actress. By that, perhaps, more than by his looks or even by his whiskers, he will be remembered. His brother, Lord George Cholmondeley, was, of course, less daring—his wife being the once well-known Mrs. Stirling.

* *
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Pride of Possession

Says a contemporary: "Mr. ex-Sheriff George Briggs, City of London, is giving sittings for his portrait in his official robes to Mr. Reginald Higgins." Mr. Higgins is evidently not to be left in any doubt as to whom both belong.

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Thé——restant

Somehow, the efforts to introduce here the *thés dansants* which captured Paris have not exactly caught on so far, and except, perhaps, at one hotel, there seems a general determination to be a spectator rather than a performer. If one seeks for reasons, shyness of a new thing may be one, but it is possible that another may be the reluctance of the Englishman to take exercise and get warm in clothes not specially adapted for the occasion—an objection which doesn't exist in France.

Photograph] A GERMAN ROYAL VISIT TO RANELAGH [*Topical*

Prince Eitel Friedrich, the Kaiser's second son (on the right of the photograph), with his younger brother, August Wilhelm, and H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck at Ranelagh, watching the final in the polo tournament for the King's Coronation Cup on July 12

The Great Thought of the Week

"To-day," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* on July 14, "being the French National Fête, the Paris Bourse was closed." I have noticed this peculiarity of the "Paris Bourse" on many other less conspicuous occasions, coupled, I may say, with a quite remarkable desire to see the English and American "bourse" very widely open. [This kind of thing must not happen again.—Ed.]

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Photograph *Sarony*

THE COUSIN OF ADMIRAL DEWEY IN "VARIETY"

Under the name of Mme. Bicano Waldo, the cousin of the famous American Admiral is now appearing at the London Coliseum. What the Admiral thinks about it we do not know (nor is it our business)

A Suggestion

Having got our Crystal Palace we are now wondering what to do with it. Lord Rosebery once said that it ought to be the Charlottenburg of England, and Mr. Shaw has just told us that it is actually only popular because of its association with cup-tie matches. Why not meet both education and athletics half way and turn it into a new public school?

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What the Public Wants

I notice that when a certain gentleman was apprehended for burning down churches on the Welsh coast the other day his plea was that he did it for a lark. "I thoroughly enjoyed it," he said, "and I am sure the public did, too." So it is not only journalists who use the "public" for all their sins of commission and omission, after all.

A Lunn Tour of Harrow

AND MORE REFLECTIONS ON THE ETERNAL PUBLIC SCHOOLS QUESTION

I HAVE just finished up a personally conducted Lunn tour. Not of Switzerland, by Sir Henry of that ilk, but of Harrow School, by his son, Mr. Arnold Lunn. Thanks to his book, *The Harrovians* (Methuen), I have enjoyed myself thoroughly on the Hill as at other times I have on the mountains, and come down with just the same feeling of regret. Why couldn't one have stayed all the time in Switzerland—and at Harrow? Both institutions were surely designed by Providence for permanent habitations. When, in the original plan of the universe, public schools were being discussed by the gods, I am convinced that they were intended to be the life-long locations of types of man, not merely preparatory educational ones. A public schooling isn't, in fact, an education, and what is wrong about its critics is that they will persist in pretending to believe it is. It is a life of itself, and in logic every "man" on completing his fourth year should be taken out and pleasantly slaughtered by the Head just as in earlier days he was swiped. For the years he has gone through, though they may quite possibly by a sporting chance have fitted him for the Life Immortal, have certainly not fitted him for the terrestrial one.

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Peter (that is Mr. Lunn's hero) starts school life by becoming a fag: by being forced to play in house matches he loathes: by being intermittently "whopped" for trivial breaches of unwritten law. By degrees he emerges from this stage, but apparently his progress depends not on any special merit, but simply on the mere fact that he grows older. In time he gets "privs." (privileges) chief among which the right to "whop," to tyrranise, to swank, to exercise autocratic sway, to smoke, to walk in the middle of the road, and—this is colossal—to talk out of window! Incidentally, he has become educated in certain specific things, classics especially, and is more or less of an athlete *malgré lui*. He respects nothing and nobody, not even the system to which he owes his own power. His love of the school is a conscious affectation. He dislikes authority never so much as when it unbends. At seventeen Harrow has made him a more thorough-going cynic than the outer world would make a man at seventy.

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The trouble is that the world isn't wanting seventeen-year-old cynics, and is so shaped that it has no place for them. It is waiting for Youth to take its position in the race for place and fortune, but the Youth that comes seems already to have lived so much of one kind of life that it has little or no inclination to live another, and so manifestly an inferior one. For "down" in the world things are managed altogether differently. Youth is expected to have an altogether different equipment from that which school has given it. If the world wants classics at all, it is merely the correct phrasing of a "tag" that Youth has itself forgotten. What it does want are the despised "stinks," horrible modern languages, a legible handwriting, correct spelling, accuracy at figures, general knowledge of current topics, and a certain openness of mind, tolerance, and the inclination to "rub along" in fair competition with people who have never fagged, or whopped, or enjoyed "privs.," but have merely moiled and toiled themselves into the running for place and fortune.

Photograph *Cadby*

MR. ARNOLD LUNN

On the Grimme-Alp. Mr. Lunn's new book, "The Harrovians," is the subject of an article on this page. He is the son of Sir Henry Lunn, the celebrated travel organiser

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If Peter is sensible, he forgets as quickly as possible all that he has learned on the Hill, and takes his place in the crush with everybody else. But the odds against Peter doing anything of the kind are heavy, as they always are against gods and other superior persons trying to mix among mortals. For one thing, the qualities which seem to get people "there" in the game of life are not those which have been acquired on the Hill. The man who "makes good" is usually the unpleasant person who has spent the years in which Peter has been in quest of "privs." "swotting" at the business in which he expects to make his living. He is not, usually, a cynic at all, but painfully earnest, and he has respect for the things which are to be respected, and for what experience has taught him to know to be the real powers of the world.

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Ah, but never mind! Harrow has given Peter physique, courage, coolness, the power to control his fellows and to make friendships. Quite so! It has made him an eminently superior person. The trouble with the world is that, like school, it values those who gain their "privs." in the world itself, as a result of life therein, and as Youth's struggle is to be in that world, is it altogether a blessing that thousands should be annually sent to institutions which fit them for quite another world, even an immeasurably superior one?

V. C.

MATTERS MUSICAL

LE "SACRÉ" PRINTEMPS

Universal Abuse

If I were either M. Stravinsky or M. Nijinsky I should have been the proudest man in London on the morning after the production of *Le Sacre du Printemps* at Drury Lane. To be praised with faint damns or damned with faint praise is annoying. To be damned in moderation is quite provoking, but to excite such a huge, sonorous, and entirely unanimous damn as appeared in the Press last Saturday week must be extraordinarily exhilarating . . . and flattering. However, lest Nijinsky and Stravinsky should get their heads turned by this avalanche of critical abuse I hasten to disappoint them by the assurance that I, for one, found the *Sacre du Printemps* not only interesting, but, in places, wildly exciting ; that I very much want to see it again ; that I think it by far the best of the ballets produced this year.

M. STRAVINSKY
Composer of the music for "Le Sacre du Printemps," which has excited so much criticism
(*By permission of Comœdia Illustré*)

Where Ignorance is Best

Mind you, I do not say for one moment that I am sure my colleagues are wrong. On the contrary, I am sure of nothing at all about the whole matter except that M. Stravinsky contrived to extract from the orchestra some of the most painfully unfamiliar noises I have ever heard, and that Mdlle. Piltz performed the part allotted to her with extreme skill. But I know I enjoyed *Le Sacre du Printemps* ; it gave me a thrill ; I felt there was something there—just as I felt there was nothing in *Jeux* except affectation, nothing in *Salomé* except incompetence, and little in *L'Après-Midi* except a desire to be "Greek" and to *épater* at all costs.

Standing On Its Merits

Now that I think it over in cold blood, I realise that in one most important respect *Le Sacre du Printemps* is technically the best of Nijinsky's ballets. The movements and the action really have something to do with the music, unlike, for instance, that wholly detestable *Jeux*, in which they have no connection whatever. Further, it is only natural that the "Aeginetan" ideals of angular as opposed to curved beauty, of which we have heard so much, should seem more or less appropriate to the spring festival of a savage tribe. Of course, that is not strictly logical, because "Aeginetan" conventions are in reality no more apposite in the case of prehistoric barbarians than the conventions of Praxiteles or Michael Angelo, but their very remoteness from our time serves to confuse the issue. In fact, the result is, in some ways, very much like a realistic representation of savage dancing. I am quite prepared to learn that this is not at all the result aimed at by the author and his friends. I daresay they would maintain that, let us say, a modern carnival on the Riviera could be portrayed in exactly the same way. But I do not see why we should bother about all this talk of conventions. Let us take each ballet as we find it, try to find out what it is driving at, and then make up our minds as to its value. I have a strong suspicion that the "convention" theory was discovered afterwards to justify the practice—and, in this case, as I happen to like the practice and find a great deal to admire in the rude, uncouth strength of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, I see no reason not to say so, whatever my views on the new "school" as a whole.

Sometimes—Sometimes Not

As to the music, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that anybody who thinks he really can understand or judge it on one hearing is a fool. This applies equally to those who praise and those who blame. It is quite unlike any other music, and it sounded so ugly to our ears that many people laughed aloud. But, then, sometimes the ugliness of one generation is the beauty of the next—and sometimes it is not. There can be no short cut to a certain knowledge of these things, not even for musical critics of London daily papers.

Why Bother to Understand?

The reception of the ballet was what is known, I believe, as "mixed." It is good to hear hissing in an English theatre, because that, at least, shows people are beginning to care. But I could wish that Mr. Edwin Evans's most interesting explanation before the curtain had been listened to a little more attentively. However, the *Times* is doubtless justified in protesting that no English audience should be expected to go to a work of art to learn anything.

FRANCIS TOYE

RISING ITALIAN ROYALTY

THE KING OF ITALY

THE QUEEN OF ITALY

PRINCESS GIOVANNA
The first photograph of the five-year-old and youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy

PRINCESS YOLANDA
Eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy

THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT
The young heir to the Italian Throne

PRINCESS MAFALDA
Second daughter of the King and Queen of Italy

The children of King Victor and Queen Elena of Italy are all very young, handsome, and charming. Another decade will see them numbered among "eligible" princes and princesses. How their alliances may affect the balance of power in Europe is beyond speculation. But their careers will be watched with as great interest as those of any of the "young people" among Royal Houses

Art and the Ballet

A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE WORK OF M. LÉON BAKST

A Criticism

THE other night, on the way to Drury Lane, a friend said to me, "To tell you the truth, I am a little tired of all this talk about Léon Bakst. Bakst is a person with a wonderful gift for depicting bodies in a variety of seductive poses. I cannot see much more in him. I allow that he has a fine sense of colour; but if you were to see him in company with the rest of the Russian group of decorators of whom he is one, you would see that his colour is chiefly characteristic of that group, and that the others are equally fine, or often even finer, than he, in this respect. We have chosen to go mad about him because his is the first work of the kind that we have seen, and with true English 'culture,' having once got hold of a good thing we are determined not to leave off till we have run it to death."

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

M. LÉON BAKST

Whose designs for the costumes worn in the Russian Ballet are the subject of this article

A Distinguished Group

There was not really very much in what my hyper-critical friend said. Yet he was not altogether wrong. After all, Bakst is only one distinguished member of a very distinguished group including the names of Benois, Roerich, Fédorowski, of whom the English public have hitherto heard but vaguely, and we ought really to judge him in comparison with the work of these other artists. Not that I think he would suffer, or we be less enthusiastic. Every time I look at a design by Bakst I am struck more and more by the artistic vitality of the man: each time I marvel at the combination of spontaneity and calculated knowledge.

The Average Bakstian

But I do not suppose that the ordinary Bakstian—and there are many Bakstians now—stops to analyse the nature of the artist's powers. When last year the Fine Art Society held its first exhibition of his designs his triumph was in the nature of an amazing *coup de force*. At first sight, and taken by themselves, his Odalisques and Sultanas might have seemed—to what we are pleased to call English taste—to have left undone just a little more than they ought to have left undone; but, the ballet being "the thing," everybody was only too delighted to enjoy, as they deserved, these splendid, audacious creations of line and colour without being suspected of an undue penchant towards the improper.

Contrasts of Colour

This is, however, to take a very low and light outlook on the art of Bakst. In whatever he draws, whether it be a Sultana, or a Bayadère, or a Bacchante, or a woodland nymph, he is something very different to what one might vulgarly call the mere Posterior-Impressionist. This year he is with us again in a new collection of designs at the Fine Art Society, has been delighting us as ever with the most amazing contrasts of colour, as in the Grand Eunuque from Schéhérazade and the splendid Sultane Bleue, recreating the whole gay, cruel spirit of the Middle Ages in the drawings for Pisanelle, making the dry bones of archæology live and move in the shepherds and watchmen of Helen of Sparta. Give him the glamour of an epoch or a story to set him going, and there is no end to the treasures he will produce.

The Failure of "Jeux"

The curious thing is that without this intellectual fillip he seems to miss fire. The new ballet, *Jeux*, is a colossal failure from every point of view. I can only think that Bakst must have been governed by the wayward genius of Nijinsky, and that it is really not he, but the charming Spirit of the Rose who designed that "natty" little football costume with the slit knickerbockers and the row of cunning little buttons that figures at the Fine Art Society's Show as the first design for the dress of the chief dancer in the ballet. As for the scenery, people do not, and under any circumstances could not, either inhabit such a house or play either football or tennis (even adapted for the stage) in such a place as Monsieur Bakst has seemed to think appropriate, though I am bound to say he has suggested admirable opportunities for wasting any amount of time in hunting for lost balls—which is, perhaps, really what the ballet means. All the same, I cannot believe that Bakst is very enthusiastic about it all. His sky is too purple, his house too summarily symbolic, his motor lamps are too obviously ineffective to mean real business, at any rate, so far as tennis-racquets are concerned; and I cannot bear to see our exquisite Karsavina, whose every motion is and should be grace itself, cramped in a foolish formless petticoat-bodice.

Curves of Femininity

Besides it is so needless. One has only to look at the series of lovely designs for modern costume in the exhibition at Bond Street to see what Bakst can do for the world of to-day. Here are all his splendid distinctive qualities turned in a new channel, all his "curves of femininity" (as I believe someone in the catalogue introduction calls them) chastened for Madame Paquin (Membre de la Légion d'Honneur), sobered for the needs of Monsieur Doucet. I am not sure that I can see my own sister in any of them; but I should love to see somebody else's. G. E.

Bakst Designs for the Russian Ballet

"AGLAE"
Une fantaisie sur le costume moderne

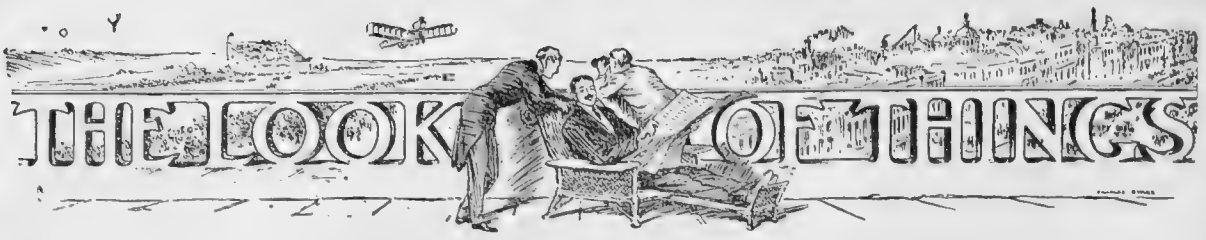
LE GRAND EUNUQUE
A design for that character in "Schéhérazade"

FROM "JEUX"

LA SULTANE BLEUE

FROM "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE"

The Bakst designs reproduced above are types of the now graceful, now fantastic character of his work. In all these costumes (which, by the way, were carried out by Paquin) there is a distinctive note. In that entitled "Aglae," the clasp brooch with the lines of the dress radiating from it is a favourite device with Bakst. The designs for "Le Grand Eunuque" and "La Sultane Bleue" are typical of the bizarre and the seductive in Orients' dress; that from "Daphnis and Chloe" gracefully Greek, while the "Jeux" design—well, it speaks for itself



FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A THRILL must have gone through the heart of every loyal Englishman at the news that the Crystal Palace was saved for the nation. Now we can never, never lose it. What a splendid thought, especially for all glaziers.

* * *

We cannot pretend to say what Posterity will do with it. French gardening, perhaps—or German gardening. Maybe the Territorials of the future will drill under it in wet weather, or the Artillery will get the practice there which Lord Roberts thinks so important.

* * *

In any case, no American millionaire will ever be able to buy it, and take it down, pane by pane, and transport it to the States as they do with our Elizabethan buildings. It is ours for ever, like the Albert Memorial, and the Tate Gallery, and the Insurance Act.

* * *

Parliament prorogues in August, and perhaps it is excusable to consider what Members have increased their reputation during the Session. (Other papers always do this. Why shouldn't we?) The name of Handel Booth will occur at once to everyone. Mr. Booth, it will be remembered, won a pigeon-race.

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Then there is Mr. McKenna. There has never been a cleverer "Puss-in-Boots" than Mr. McKenna, and but for him many more windows might have been smashed than have actually been. On the other hand, fewer houses might have been burnt. Not a ladies' man—in the Suffragette sense of the word—Mr. McKenna has on the whole done well, and we hope he will not be kidnapped on his holidays.

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One hardly likes to discuss in a merely political way such men as Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs. Their flawless behaviour has been so evident that the House of Commons actually had to comment on it, and every little lad who is going in for finance would do well to model himself upon them.

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On the Unionist side Mr. Bonar Law has delivered several forcible speeches, which has only made one wish for more. We mean for even more forcible speeches. It might not be a bad thing if for a few months he could change places with Sir Edward Carson.

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THE DANGERS OF HORSE-RACING

DOCTOR SONENBUST: "And what's like de matter?"
MRS. ABRAHAMS: "Vell, it all came through Abrahams goin' to de races on Saturday. He put 'alf a crown on Backstarter, but it lost by 'alf a 'ead, and 'e 'avent been able to shut 'is eyes since"

By Graham Simmons

Speaking of Sir Edward Carson (and leaving the question of M.P.'s reputations for the time being), we note that Ulster is to be self-governed when the Home Rule Bill comes off. Sir Edward expects no trouble with the Army, and the rifles that have been imported into Ulster are probably only a precaution taken in case Sir Edward's "fellow-militant," Mrs. Pankhurst, should turn up and want a vote.

* * *

"Harvard University, U.S.A., reopens in the autumn with a kindergarten course, the aim of Harvard educators being to bring a child from infancy under the guidance of the University." It is pleasant to think of the Harvard Dons lecturing their classes of tots on "The Right Use of the Feeding Bottle."

* * *

We rather hope, however, that the system will not spread to this country. Children already seem to have their brains sufficiently taxed, and the idea of having to pass a Littlest Go at the age of two, before being able to go up to Cambridge, would repel many infants over here.

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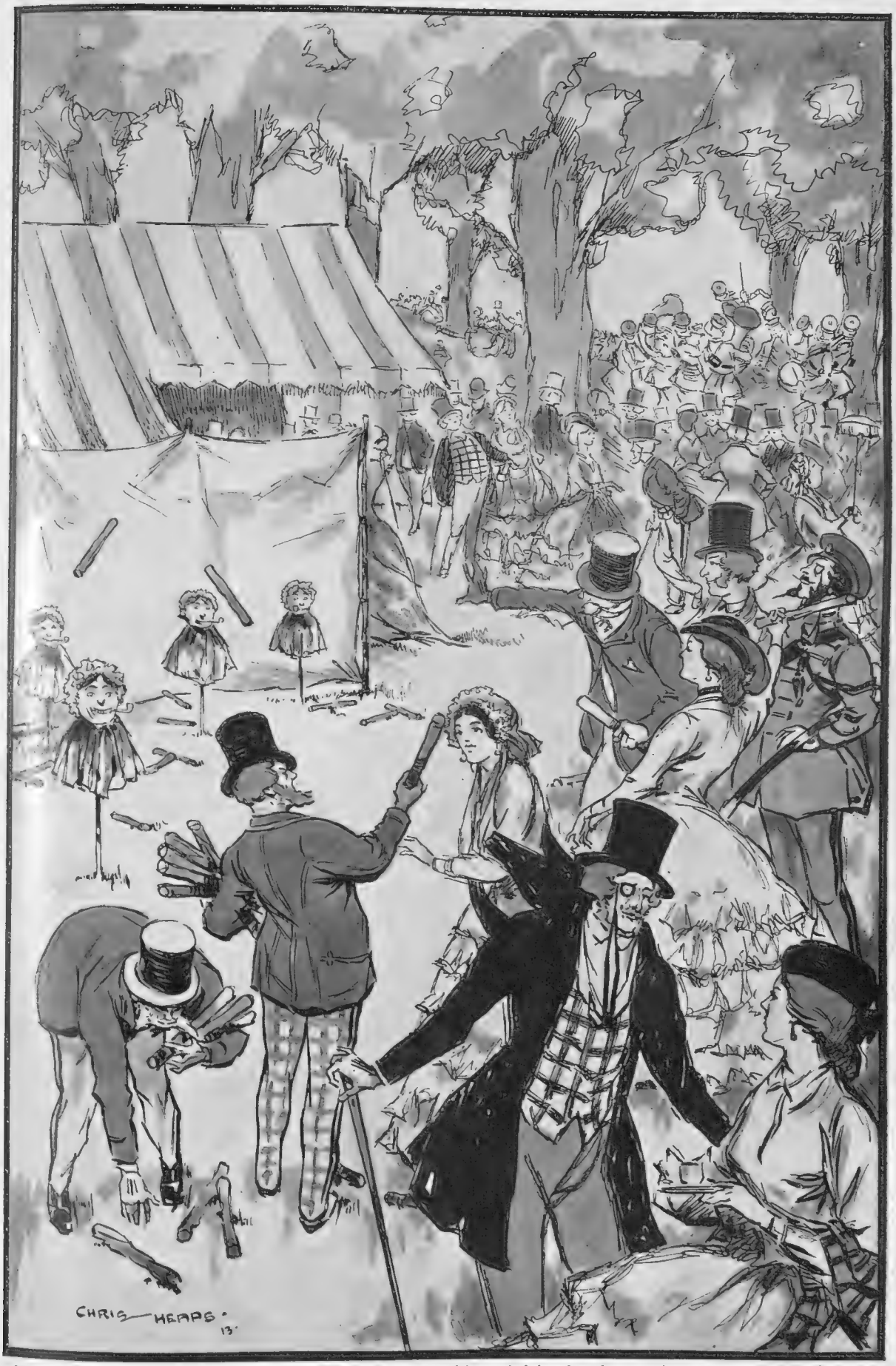
A foxglove 16ft. in height has been recorded in one of the daily papers, and no doubt the passion for natural effects so noticeable among modern women will make an artificial foxglove of these dimensions the only smart thing to wear in the autumn hat.

* * *

"People with weak hearts," declares a contemporary, "should never choose their own holiday resort." This is very sound advice, and we would supplement it by saying: Buy a bag of shrimps, and a couple of oranges—then go to any station and get into the first excursion train you see.

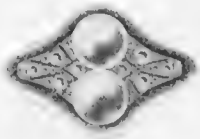
Quite Respectable!

A PICTORIAL DEFENCE OF AUNT SALLY



It is the fashion nowadays at the garden party or country fair to indulge in what one has always thought to be the somewhat plebeian thrills of Aunt Sally. The old lady, however, we can assure our readers, even in the days of the ultra-genteel early Victorian period, attended the "morning party" and moved in quite the best circles

BY CHRIS HEAPS

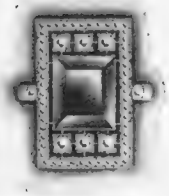


Grey Tecla Pearls flanked by exquisite diamond-encrusted shanks.

Tecla emeralds set in hexagonal design of brilliants

Tecla pearl ring; superb cross-setting of brilliants

Black Tecla pearl, real diamonds and *mille-grains* platinum.



Beautiful table-cut Tecla ruby embellished by real diamonds.

EXCLUSIVE *JOAILLERIE*
SEEN IN THE TECLA *SALON*

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The March Hare" at the Ambassador's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

ENTERPRISING people who run theatres in these days are usually credited with one of two designs. They are out either to make money or to foster the blessed cause of Art, and hang the expense. Some people, it is true, have succeeded both in making money and respecting the claims of Art, but accidents will happen to the best of us. I do not think that *The March Hare*, recently produced by Miss Mary Forbes at the Ambassadors' Theatre, is entitled to very high rank as a work of art; and I should not be very optimistic about its commercial prospects. Strictly speaking, the latter point of view is, of course, not my business at all; but I am so very careful about money myself that I dislike to see the good stuff being recklessly frittered away.

Mr. Brewer as the ridiculous vicar, Mr. Spencer Trevor as the eccentric elderly gentleman. Miss Mary Brough as the lady of the house, and Miss Eadie Graham as Lucy the flapper, all did well in their several parts

The story itself is a mild variant of the farce that was so popular in the days of my never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted youth. The leading character is wrongly assumed to be a dangerous lunatic; and though I confess to having thought the notion a deliriously funny one ——ty years ago, it seems to have lost much of its green and simple freshness to me now. The great scene of the play occurs at the end of the second act. By the misreading of a letter the alleged lunatic is believed to have a periodical craving to break crockery and other household effects in ridiculously excessive quantities; and we are constantly being reminded that unless he is properly "humoured" the trouble may begin at any moment.

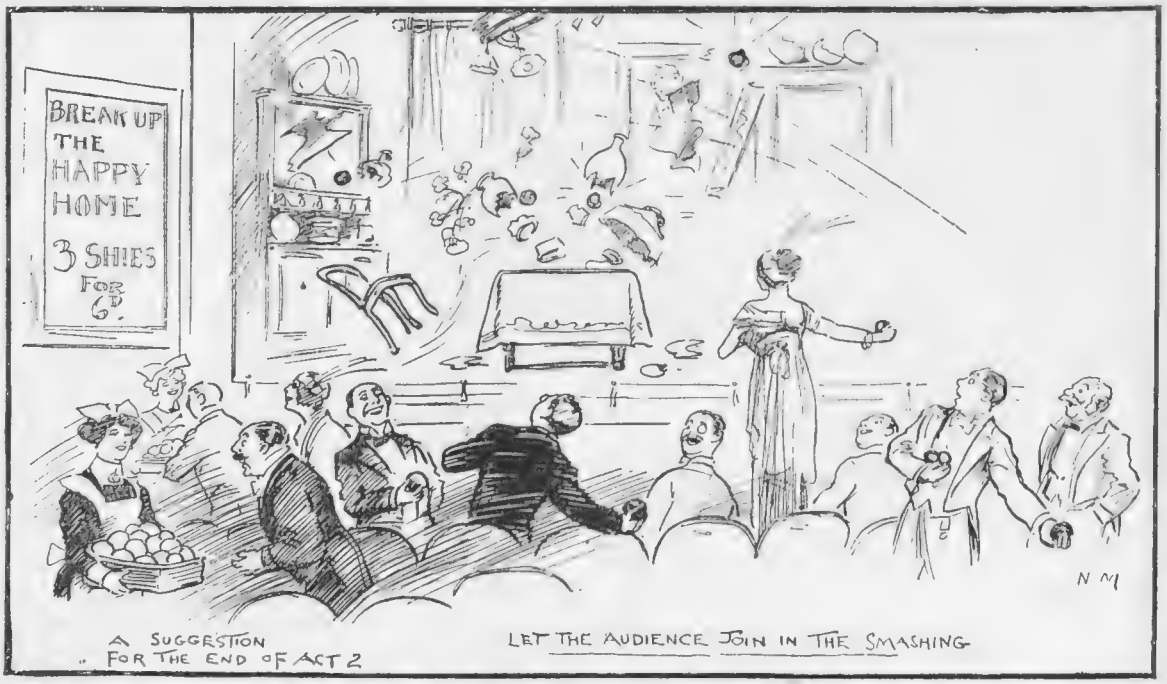
A youthful, and extremely modern girl—in other words a "flapper" who says "damn!"—has a grievance against the household because she has been sent to bed for having been disrespectful to the alleged lunatic, who happens to be a family uncle of large means. In order to avenge her dignity, the "flapper" proposes to undertake a little crockery-smashing on her own account in the pious hope that the offence will be laid to uncle's charge. Consequently, as soon as she has the stage to herself she takes the job in hand. Dinner-plates, flower-bowls, and other samples of perishable hardware are recklessly shattered before our very eyes with a freedom which I for one found distinctly enjoyable. In most well-ordered houses, the smashing of a vase or the breaking of a dinner-plate is held to be a disaster only one degree less than, say, the fall of a dynasty or the accidental dropping of a shilling in a gutter; and consequently by the law of the juxtaposition

"THE MARCH HARE" *(continued)*

of incongruities, a deliberate smashing excursion apparently regardless of expense acts as a very fine tonic to the ordinary domesticated person. A few years ago there were two extravagant people on the music-halls who wound up an amusing turn by shattering about fifteen shillings-worth of good crockery to everlasting nothingness, and the exhibition was extremely popular. Being myself compelled by circumstances to be absurdly prudent in the handling of perishable goods, I was lost in admiration of the courage of the music-hall man who would drop a whole armful of dinner-plates in spite of the fact that his wife's protesting eye was upon him all the time.

THE LARGE AND COWARDLY BUTLER

It must be admitted that *The March Hare* is very well acted by the company. Furthermore, I noted that the laughter throughout the house was quite joyously maintained during the entire evening, so that there would appear to be still some demand for entertainments of the kind. After all, supposing the critics should be wrong in their sarcastic denunciations of Mr. Harold Smith's "mid-Victorian" methods. The vast majority of playgoers know nothing about the technicalities of dramatic art and I for one see no reason why they should. On the other hand, the reckless and irresponsible destruction of household crockery is an entertainment we can all understand. It simply puts into agreeably concrete form the abstract ideal that most healthy people have entertained at one time or another. Miss Mary Forbes, under whose management the play is produced, has the courage to do on the stage what most of us have never had the nerve to attempt in private life, and if her purse is long enough she should be able to satisfy the most exacting seeker after a joyous orgy of destruction. It seems a little strange to me, I admit, that at the end of a season of theatrical failures that has been unsurpassed for its sheer magnificence, an amiable young lady, not without experience in her profession, should make her first appeal to the public with a play like *The March Hare*. On the other hand (this makes three hands of it), who is to decide beforehand what kind of play will suit the public taste of the moment? The record of the season proves conclusively that very few managers are themselves capable of this feat; and the critics are bound by their profession to plump for the best Art, even if the production of it should bankrupt the entire theatrical treasury. In every enterprise there is always the god from the clouds to reckon with; and I am sure we all trust that in this particular instance he will be found on the side of the angels—represented by Miss Mary Forbes. JINGLE



Should the Dead Sea Be Bathed In?

A HOLIDAY PROBLEM OF SPECIFIC GRAVITY

Photograph *Shepstone*

A BATHER IN THE DEAD SEA NEAR KUMRAN

Though the individual in the above picture seems to be thoroughly happy, the Dead Sea has really very little to recommend it as a bathing place. In fact, as far as we know, the only advantage it has over a "live" sea is, paradoxically, that it is practically impossible to drown therein, owing to the specific gravity of the water. Persons with a suicidal turn of mind should therefore give it a miss

A Quartette of "

CALCULATED TO INSPIRE A ROMANTIC FELIN

"EVENING" IN LOWESTOFT HARBOUR

Photographs

WHITBY BRIDGE "BY NIGHT"

Above we present four very attractive studies of waterscapes as they look by moonlight. To critics who may question whether all o
pictures simply as pictures.

"Nocturnes"

ELING IN THE MOST PROSAIC MIND

A "MOONLIGHT" CRUISE

AT "EVENTIDE"

R. A. R. Bennett

her all of the pictures were actually taken by moonlight, we reply that we are unconcerned with the point. We offer the tures. That is all.

A Religious Regatta!

THE LATEST STARTLING NOVELTY FROM THE UNITED STATES

Photograph *Levick, N.Y.*

The above animated picture represents the scene at the 225th anniversary celebration of the Huguenots' advent—at New Rochelle, U.S.A., and suggests rather a regatta on the South Coast than a Protestant thanksgiving. However, let us not cavil at that. Anything that brightens religion is to be looked for in a country where, we are told, ices are handed round during sermons. But we can hardly see the Free Church Council, say, celebrating the birthday of John Wesley on the Henley Course

IN AND ABOUT STOCKINGS

In Silken Hose

To avoid all suspicion, let me at once remark that this article has very little, or nothing, to do either with legs (excuse me) or with garters. We were in the beatific stage—after the coffee and before the bill—of a dinner in one of the garden restaurants in the Champs Elysées. Ten taper fingers were fumbling with a shoelace just outside the leafy barrier which divided us from the avenue, and we were admiring the shoe and its contents when something went "Rrrrrrt," and the lady said "Zut!" "It doesn't seem to matter what you pay for silk stockings," said the owner of the fingers, etc., "they always go." And then the lady at our table, who was the American wife of one of us, began philosophising. "You only see silk stockings in Paris," she said. "Yes," said a man of the party. "In the provinces the woollen stocking makes for the glory and comfort of France."

French Thrift

Then we began to talk of French economy, and thrift. And when you know France at all, French economy and thrift are never-ending topics. They exist in Paris, but are less apparent there, for in Paris economy hides itself as though it were a sin, not because Parisians think it is one, but because it is their business to encourage the reverse of economy in foreign visitors. The Parisian tradesman of all kinds, from the Rue de la Paix jeweller to the waiter in a restaurant, has a marvellous knowledge of human vanity, and of human self-consciousness. If you are sitting alone in a restaurant, you being a man, and the restaurant being one of the to-sit-down-costs-you-a-bottle-of-champagne-kind, the lady who sells flowers will either pass you by or pat you on the head and give you a carnation for your buttonhole.

Necessary Extravagance

But if you have a lady with you she will sell you three roses, or, rather, present the lady with three roses, and you will pay ten francs for them. When you dine with the lady you will be led into ordering unpriced lamb, which is quite the dearest kind of lamb there is, and I need not tell sophisticated you how expensive it is to look at a jeweller's window when a lady is near you and the owner of the shop is anywhere near the door. In other words, extravagance in Paris is almost a necessity unless you are a Parisian.

Provincial Economy

In the provinces, economy is a duty and parsimony is a virtue. "You really don't know how to fill a stocking," said an old Frenchwoman to me once when I was talking about saving. Her son—a man of fifty—chipped in. "You do, mother," he remarked, and told me that when he and his brother were fifteen years old, and till they were married, their mother used to give them fivepence each *pour faire le jeune homme* on Sundays, but *they had to bring the two fivepenny bits home again* and show them every Monday morning. They have never explained how it was done, but they did it.

A Careful Couple

Saving has become a gift in the French provinces. In a little Normandy village which I know well, the average expenditure of a married couple who have a bit of land is tenpence a day. They live well on it, too. They buy sparely of the things which must be bought, and sell largely of the things which can be sold—that is the secret. The husband catches a certain amount of fish, and the prime part of the catch only goes to market. Both husband and wife make the most of the kitchen garden, fuel costs nothing, for any bit of wood in the river is fair prey, and the country is wooded, bread is made at home, cider too, and meat is eaten once a week. A pig is bought young, fattened, and when killed most of it is sold. Rabbits are fed on grass, and do well, and the chickens apparently live on the neighbours. As everybody in the village keeps chickens, I don't quite know how this works out in the long run, but I know the village well, and I can swear that nobody there ever bought chicken food.

Trouser Adventures

Everything is done on the same lines. A pair of trousers which were mine ten years ago have met me in the form of trousers, knickerbockers, a waistcoat, the petticoat of a small child, and last time I saw them half of them was a workbag and the other half was a hat. I am still hoping to meet them as gloves, or, perhaps, a handkerchief. There is a mackintosh of mine in active use in that village which I bought 21 years ago in Queen Victoria Street in London. It doesn't look as pretty as it did, but it still "macks." My wife was born in that village, and had a birthday there when she was five years old. Her mother, who was in Paris, sent the child a smart Leghorn straw hat to wear on the occasion. She wore it with a little lace dress which her grandmother had made for her. Then the grandmother put the lace dress and the Leghorn hat in a cardboard hat-box, packed the cardboard hat-box in some newspapers, and hung it from the ceiling out of harm's way.

Hidden Treasure

We opened the hat-box after the grandmother's death. The hat and the little lace dress were as good as new till we touched them. Then they fell to powder. Money doesn't fall to powder, though, and every old woman in the village has a mattress full of it. Every old man in the village has a tobacco-jar, or a hole in the wall, or a flower-pot, in which he has hidden for years some of his tobacco money for the gigantic burst which never comes off. Every old woman in the village hides money from her husband, every son in the village hides money from his mother. In an emergency the money comes out, secretly, perhaps, and sparely, but it comes. The whole of France, except, perhaps, the towns, is full of hidden money. And now you know why Germany, with a much larger population, will think twice before she attacks her neighbour, and you know why, though Germany's industry is so enormous France is the richer country.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

TANGOMANIA

Madame, at the hairdresser's, will dreamily, and without apparent reason, be heard asking herself, "How does one turn after that step?"

—And has one's *café complet* brought to one by a housemaid who is evidently a victim of the disorder

One "tangoes" to one's wife's assistance in the house work

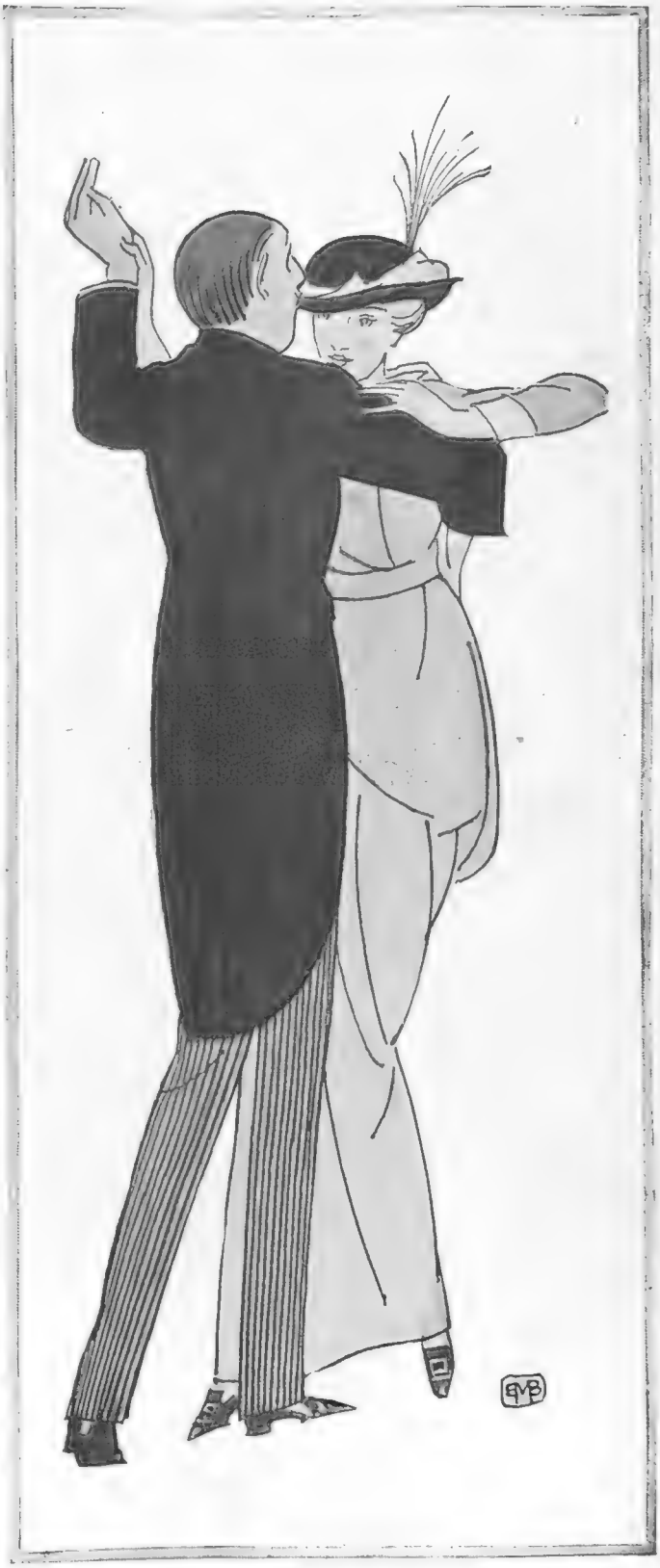
One may take it into one's head to give a little demonstration to one's hairdresser in the midst of being shaved

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOW THE SOUTH AMERICAN MEASURE

IN PARIS

The rhythm of the railway train proves an irresistible *invitation à la danse*

Between the acts at the theatre, to the strains of the orchestra, the "tango" is quite in order



While one can, of course, if so inclined, always dance it at the proper time and place—at a *thé dansant*

NTRUDES ITSELF INTO THE MOST INCONGRUOUS OF LIFE'S SITUATIONS

The Bystander IN BERLIN

SOME BALKAN BANALITIES

Chill Germans

Germans are a cynic, chill, un-Christian folk. Man's fizziest philanthropic effervescences leave them dry. While red-hot Britons eternally champion some good cause, or bad; preach that the barbarous Turk be chased from Europe; that

LOOKING ANYTHING BUT WARLIKE
Major-General von Falkenhagen, the new Prussian War Minister

the civilised Turk be saved from the cannibal Russ; that vivisection . . . that ostrich-farms . . . that wife-beaters with red moustaches . . . while Britons eternally crusade one way or another, or both ways at once, every Briton proclaiming that when his High Cause triumphs, the Millennium . . . in these circumstances chill Germans mock; they deride Millenniums; they impute motives; they proclaim that human perfectitude. . . . . (They write elephantine sentences.—Ed.)

Europe's Squirmings

So Germans smiled at the Balkan War; at the Balkan emancipators; at the Cause and Concert of Europe; at Europe's firm will that no territorial changes . . . at Europe's unshakeable will that all possible territorial changes . . . at Mr. Lloyd George's prayer that the area of good government be widened; at the claim that the Slavs are flaming champions of Christendom; at the claim that the Slavs are breechless hungry highwaymen . . . And later they laughed at Europe's squirmings in London. They laughed at the try to prevent the champions quarrelling; at the Tsar's brave telegrams (sevenpence a word) saying how terribly he would prevent a war; at Austria's emphatic vow that . . . at Roumania's ardent prayers for peace; but if unhappily nevertheless war . . . at white-hot *Westminster* letters proving Bulgaria a Christian knight and Greece and Servia rascals; at equally white-hot *Westminster* letters proving Serb and Greek are seraphs, and bloody Bulgaria a gulph of furious Abaddons. . . .

Impecunious Warriors

For a fortnight past Germans have laughed louder still. For they feel that except their wise, complacent selves all men have proved themselves fools. The Turk, they see, appears least Turk of Balkan peoples; from Christian deliverers the earth cries: Lord deliver us! Nobody admits that anyone has helped Civilisation; to the Bulgar the Serb is now ultra-infidel Turk; the Greek is imploring the Turk as Christian-hearted man to protect Greek Christians against Christian Bulgar Abaddons. The Pacifist Roumains, despite their unshakeable will, have been driven imperatively to steal. . . . And the Tsar's fierce telegrams (sevenpence a word) of terrible things he will do, are used by purse-empty warriors as I.O.U.'s. . . . And Mr. Lloyd George thinks that if only Islam could retake Macedonia, the area of good government. . . . And diplomats earnestly hope that even now there's time for a compromise.

Cynics and Mockers

Has not the cynic, chill, un-Christian German rightly on his side the laugh? You will rebuke his laughs as base. But the primal passion to be "proven i' the right" burns fiercer far than Philanthropy's pale flame; and after you've prophesied thrice that Chopoff will chop off Bludic's nose, a bloody fulfilment brings doubly more joy than would come from the junction of Chopoff's and Bludic's noses in insipid kiss. For months the cynic, chill, un-Christian German has foretold evil; a-plagued on both their houses; mocked at the *Westminster's* Bulgariacs who prove Bulgaria a land of Christian paladins and Greece a gulph of furious Abaddons; mocked equally at the Helleniacs' plea that Bulgarians are rogues, that Greece is the summit of culture, the land of light, the cradle of Sophocles, of Solon, of Theseus, of Venus Pandemos, of the merchant princes Ralli. . . .

The Eternal Struggle

It is shameful to break man's infantile bright faith that earth is rent between radiantly impeccable saints and sulphurous infernal fiends, locked eternally in undetermined fight. But a cynical, chill, un-Christian folk like the German. . . .

THE "IMPERATOR'S" IMPERIAL VISITOR
The Kaiser inspecting the largest German liner at Hamburg, by a curious coincidence at the same moment as King George visited the "Mauretania" at Liverpool

Balkan Monarchs

ARRANGED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CURRENT TABLE OF PRECEDENCE

Photograph *Bohringer*

THE KING OF GREECE

Photograph *Mandy*

THE KING OF ROUMANIA

Photograph *Jovanovi.ch*

KING PETER OF SERVIA

Photograph *Chusseau-Flaviens*

KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

A few weeks ago, the "Head" of the Balkan House was beyond question his Majesty King Ferdinand. Recent events have, however, given the position to King Constantine of Greece, who now essays the rôle of the local Cæsar, with the Roumanian and Servian monarchs as "runners-up." King Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes down quite small—for the present. But we doubt if he will long remain in such a position. The Balkan cup of bitterness, from which he is at present sipping, is likely to be passed round in turn

"Seven Dials"

A STUDY IN STREET-BOY PHYSIOGNOMY

BY J. CRUWYS RICHARDS

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SHADOWS of LIFE

The Story of a Tasteful Revenge

SIGNOR LUIGI BARECCI liked hot days. He had always done so, ever since his childhood, spent in the sunniest part of Italy, where the years had, so to speak, grown over him lying half-naked upon a sun-beaten shore. And that was why Signor Luigi Barecci lived in Beato. The walls of his villa were almost washed by the Mediterranean. His garden stretched down to the very shore, and he used to bathe every morning at 9.30.

On the morning in question Luigi had bathed and dressed, and was preparing to ride into Naples on business. He was dressed in white ducks with brown gaiters, and looked very well and handsome as his wife entered his room. She was a pretty little woman with the dark hair and complexion of the South.

"Not going out, dear, surely," she said. "You promised to take me into Naples this morning."

"Sorry, Carlotta, but it can't be done," said Barecci. "I've got important business in connection with a lease, and it can't be put off."

Signor Luigi interested himself in property though the main source of his income was an inheritance.

"Well, I do call that mean of you, Luigi. It's a long time since we had a day out together, and I've looked forward to it for ever such an age." And the unhappy, and now tearful, little lady regarded her husband with an accusing eye.

Luigi Barecci put a finishing touch to his tie.

"I really can't help it, Carlotta. It's no good you carrying on like that, anyhow."

Signora Barecci looked out of the window, and heard a horse's footsteps in the neighbourhood of the stables. Then she rang the bell.

"I'll want lunch for two at 1.15," she told the maid. She was very annoyed. "I don't care what happens," she said to herself, "I'll make him see I'm more important than his miserable leases," and she seized the telephone.

"Castiglione 31; hallo! hallo! . . . is that you, Bernardo? Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Can you come? Oh, I'm so glad. Yes, do. Till lunch-time, then."

Punctually at one o'clock Bernardo Ralfi came.

Now Bernardo Ralfi was comparatively a poor man. But he was engaged to be married to Dorota Vecini, and Dorota's family were very rich. So it was an excellent match for him, and they were to be married in a few months. He was a medium-sized man of slender build, and greeted the Signora effusively.

"So very glad you could come," she said. "Bertie's gone off on business. What's happened to Dorota?"

"Dorota's gone to Naples on a shopping excursion," replied Ralfi. "I asked if I might go with her, but she wouldn't let me. Said I should be in the way."

"Good, then we'll have lunch, and afterwards you shall flirt with me," said the Signora, "and we'll have an adorable afternoon."

"You are too charming," replied the gallant Ralfi.

Lunch was a great success; and afterwards they took coffee and cigarettes on to the lawn. Bernardo bent back in his chair and watched the sunlight on his cigarette smoke. "Women are strange creatures," he remarked contemplatively.

"Not stranger than men; and, anyway, what do you mean?"

"I suppose you're right. Here you invite me to a *tête-à-tête* lunch in a fit of temper, and I for the same reason accept. You are annoyed with Bertie; I with Dorota—and here we are."

"Yes, but you must flirt. You haven't started yet."

"My poor Carlotta, I never flirt," he lied. "What do I do first?"

Carlotta Barecci got up, went to the back of Ralfi's chair, and put her hands round over his eyes.

"This is an example of flirtation, but there are lots of other things one might do," she added archly.

Bernardo Ralfi became an apt pupil.

Signor Luigi Barecci rode home in the cool of the evening. He was very satisfied with himself. He had driven a good bargain, and he had an excellent cigar. Dinner would be ready, too, on his arrival. Circumstances were highly conducive to happiness. He arrived at the house, handed over his horse to the care of his groom, and walked up to the French window that opened out of the drawing-room. He walked noiselessly over the lawn, and was aware of the drawing-room's occupants before they were aware of him. On the sofa, his arm round Signora Barecci, sat Bernardo Ralfi. Signora Barecci was saying: "Well, now, Bernardo you've gone about far enough. It's time you went." But Luigi Barecci didn't hear that. He stood still at gaze. Then he calmly walked in.

"Hallo, old thing," he said, "and how are you, Ralfi, old man? So glad to see you."

Ralfi disengaged his arm, and stood up, blushing.

"Sit down, man," said Luigi. "You'll stay and dine, surely?"

Ralfi wanted to go, but Luigi would have none of it.

"No, you must stay. I insist, and we'll have a bottle of my '84 up," said the kindly host.

Signora Barecci had flushed, and then turned white; but soon she regained her normal colour and was thinking. Luigi couldn't have seen; it was so obviously all right. Had he seen he would have flown into a towering rage. He would have stalked into the room, his eyes blazing, and, holding out an accusing finger at the two of them, proceeded to make a scene. They would have been especially in luck's way if they had got out of that drawing-room alive. But no. He was quite calm—not a trace of anger upon him—and here he was insisting on Bernardo staying to dinner. Incredible. But the incredible has been known to

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happen, and here it evidently had. "Luigi *must* have seen," was her ultimate conclusion. But what was his present "game" she hadn't the most remote idea. No more had Bernardo. He mumbled something about "Thanks very much; it's awfully good of you," and sat down, still looking very uncomfortable.

"Well, I must go and dress, dear," said the Signora. "I suppose you won't trouble?"

"No, I will keep our guest company."

And with that the Signora departed to her room.

"Been a jolly day, Bernardo, hasn't it?" said Luigi when his wife had gone.

"Er-ye-es—Luigi, quite a jolly day."

"And I've no doubt my wife gave you a decent enough lunch?"

"Yes, thanks."

"Good. Now come into the garden; I've some particularly nice orchids I should like you to see."

And with that Bernardo was carried off across the lawn to the gorgeous flower-beds on the farther side.

Twenty minutes later the dinner-bell summoned them to find the Signora daintily attired in a grey clinging gown that made Bernardo wish it had been a *tête-à-tête* dinner as well as lunch. He had already forgotten the unfortunate *contretemps* of the first part of the evening, and chatted gaily with his host and hostess. By the time that coffee and cigars had arrived he was in a very pleasant, post-prandial state of mind. Everything had been of the best, including Luigi's champagne, so that when the Signora got up and left the gentlemen to their port Bernardo was mellow, with a tendency of over-ripeness.

"You've known Carlotta a long time, I think, Bernardo, even before she knew me?" said Luigi, helping his guest to port.

"Oh, yes, a long while; since we were children, my good Luigi—quite children."

"And what do you think of her?"

"The most charming of women, of course," was the reply, with a bow over the table to Luigi.

"And your opinion of women generally?"

"Ah, the dear creatures! But they have no brains, my dear sir. Man is the serious sex. Woman asks him to come to play with her for a little; that is all."

"And you do your share of the playing?"

"Like the rest of us, Luigi, like the rest of us." And he smiled cunningly, and winked at the imperturbable Luigi.

The talk went on in this desultory way until they had finished their cigars. Then they rose and joined the Signora in the drawing-room.

Carlotta played soft music upon the piano, and then when he saw that Bernardo's wine had more or less left his head, Luigi asked him to sing; and Carlotta played his accompaniments.

It was late before Bernardo thought of taking his departure, and then Luigi insisted that he should stay the night. A room was prepared for him, and all retired at about midnight.

"To-morrow you must swim with me," said Luigi as he bade his guest "goodnight." "I swim in the bay at 9.30 every morning."

Bernardo spent a sound and dreamless night, and came down late in the morning. He found Luigi waiting and ready for him.

"We will take *déjeuner* as soon as we come back," he said, "and now let's go."

They walked down to the bathing-box by the shore. The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone on an almost waveless sea of deepest ultramarine. A narrow strip of sand stretched down to the line of tiny wavelets.

"The very day for a long swim," said Luigi. "How far do you generally go?"

"Oh, I don't mind a mile or two," replied Bernardo. "Come let us prepare."

"Do you dive?" asked Luigi.

"Sometimes," was the reply.

"I always dive," said Luigi.

He placed his hand in a pocket fitted into the breast of his bathing suit with a line of three buttons that tightly closed its lapel, and pulled out some coins.

"I always dive for these. When I am some distance out I drop one and endeavour to catch it by swimming down under water before it reaches the bottom. Have you ever tried?"

"Can't say I have," was the reply.

"Well, you must try to-day." And Luigi stepped eagerly forward into the water. It soon reached his neck, and he swam strongly forward into the sunlight followed by Bernardo. Their two bodies left a shining wake in the smooth surface as they ploughed steadily out to sea. Under them they could see right down into the translucent depths. Twenty feet beneath the stones were perfectly clear, magnified through the water. Occasionally a fish could be seen hanging poised between the bottom and the surface. A little more than a quarter of a mile out from the shore Luigi turned upon his back and floated, gently kicking up the water into foam.

"This is the sort of thing I mean," he said. And so saying took a silver coin from the pocket in his bathing-suit and letting it fall swiftly, turned over in the water like a porpoise, and disappeared in a swirl of bubbling foam. In a few seconds he reappeared, red in the face, but holding the silver coin.

"Now try yourself," he said to Bernardo.

The latter made an unsuccessful effort, and the coin disappeared from view to find it's last resting-place in the depths that have hidden so many of its *confrères*.

"Try again," suggested Luigi.

This time Bernardo turned a good somersault, and for a second his legs could be seen a few inches beneath the water, striking out. Then Luigi went down and took hold of a waving ankle in his right hand.

Luigi had strong wrists, and he did not let go. He held on while the struggles became violent, and when they ceased he still held on. He gave Bernardo five minutes as near as he could judge. Then he hauled up the limp and heavy body, tucked his arms under its armpits, and started to swim towards the shore. He gave one long shout of "Help!" and then set himself to drag the drowned man through the water with him. It seemed a long way to the shore with this burden. The outer swim had been so easy. But now. . . . What was the matter? Was anything wrong with the sun? It was shining heavily upon his upturned face, of course, but he loved the sun. Why was it so hard to rescue a body? His arms seemed like lead, and, and. . . . What was happening? *It was the sun.* It was too hot. It was hurting his head.

. . . . . .

Six months later the wealthy young widow, Signora Carlotta Barecci, was married quietly in the village to Silas P. Harriden, of New York City. Dorota Vecini watched them drive by from a convent wall.

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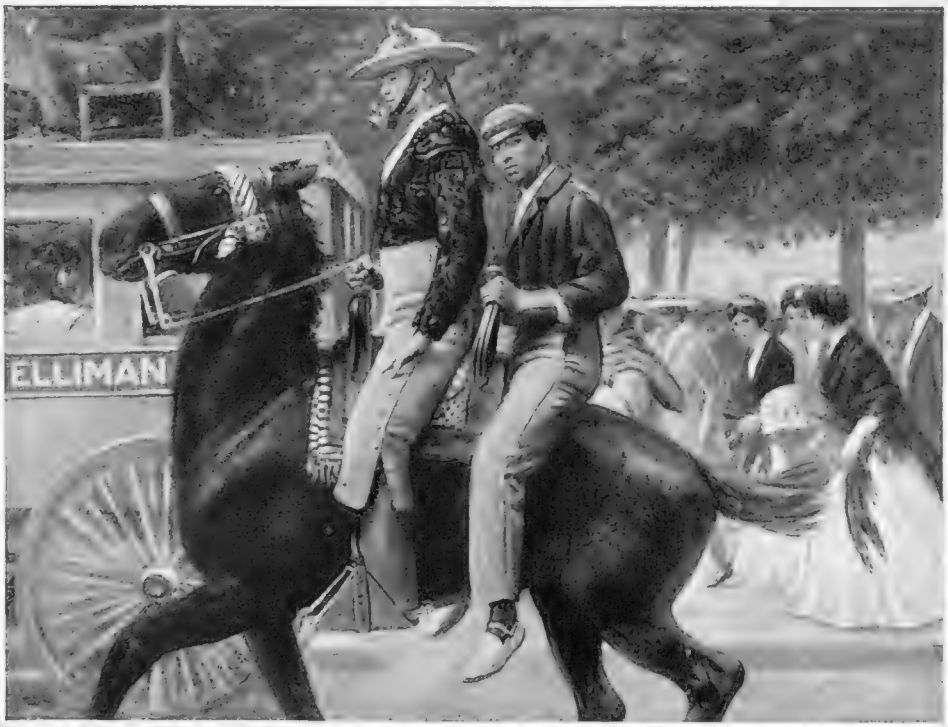

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Book and Travel

There seems no reason to disbelieve in the corporate existence of Herr Baedeker, nor can it be doubted that he is now among the world's great benefactors. To have missed important sights when you had the chance of seeing them is one of the unpardonable sins—according to Baedeker. A visit to London, for instance, without inspecting that gilded structure raised to the Prince Consort's memory must be considered to be a visit altogether mismanaged. But Herr Baedeker does not allow you to miss the Albert Memorial. There is something of Ruskin's infallibility about him. This and that, says he, you must visit and admire, and visit and admire you do or run the risk of being considered a person of doubtful taste. But nowadays we explore for ourselves in a vagabondish kind of way.

France and Italy

Take, for instance, Mr. Leslie Richardson's *Vagabond Days in Brittany* (Methuen: 5*s.* net). You will find in it all the geography you want, it is true, but you will also find other and more agreeable details. To be popular in a Breton village, it seems, you must give a dance. The author tells you how to give a dance. He tells you what kind of native you are likely to meet if you refuse to be guided by the guide-books. What more can you want? Or if Brittany does not please you, go to Italy and Dalmatia, and take Mr. Douglas Goldring's *Dream Cities* (Fisher Unwin: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) with you. Mr. Goldring is a joyous traveller, also something of a vagabond, who can tell you a story about every casual acquaintance he makes. Try to emulate him, and your holiday should be a success. People, you will find, are more interesting than things—even in Italy.

Butler in the Alps

Or go to the Alps, as did Samuel Butler. That extraordinarily unguide-like travel book of his, *Alps and Sanctuaries* (Fifield: 5*s.* net), has just been republished in a cheaper and more compact form. This little-known work of his is just the kind of book you might have expected from the author of *Erewhon*. Geography there is, of course, but the geography is sandwiched in among matters of more serious import to the traveller. After all, the only people who must be expert geographers are diplomatists and the makers of maps. Butler was neither, but he was a traveller whom one would have liked to accompany. Travel in the Butlerian manner.

Further Afield

Or go further afield. There are plenty of books to choose from, but I have only space to mention two of them. Miss Ethel Boverton Redwood seems to have found plenty to see on a trip to India and China. In *Wanderings and Wooings East of Suez* (Long: 3*s.* 6*d.*) you have a love-story woven into the travel-structure. (Herr Baedeker would never have countenanced this, but no matter.) Miss Redwood is certainly more interested in people than in things, and perhaps she would like her book to be regarded primarily as a novel, but she has skilfully weaved her story into a book of travel of the kind which you will want to read on the upper deck. Or go to South America. Mr. A. S. Forrest's *A Tour Through South America* (S. Paul: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) will be the jolliest possible companion. Here, again, is the personal touch. Mr. Forrest saw odd things for himself, learned much of the history of the various countries through which he passed, made sketches, here reproduced to the number of well over a hundred, and on coming home managed to write an engaging book which should tempt those unfortunate, or mistaken, people who can never find time for a holiday, to mend their ways. Finally, however, I must not be thought to be advising all holiday-makers to write books. Generally speaking, it is a deplorable habit. RALPH STRAUS

THE MAN IN HIS MONOGRAM

Mr. Hall Caine, the H. C. of whose initials may be recognised in the lower and upper part of the face respectively

BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Bystander at Eastbourne

THE SEA FRONT AT EASTBOURNE FROM THE FAMOUS "WISH" TOWER

Early Closing Day

The other day Fate took me to the Sunny South—of England. Eastbourne was my objective, and I was curious to see the place again after a very long absence. The day, alas! was anything but sunny, the wind the reverse of warm, and Eastbourne was in the marking-time stage that precedes the "season." In fact, I saw Eastbourne at anything but its best. The "fashionable" visitor for whom Eastbourne has long been famous, was replaced by the class that roars with laughter at pierrots' jokes, that can be lured to sail in a motor-yacht, and takes its opinion of life from penny weeklies with noisy covers. The big hotels were more or less empty, and only the boarding-houses, whose name is, indeed, legion, seemed to be busy. Moreover it was that peculiarly English moment—early-closing day. And that, we all know, is remarkably depressing.

The Eastbourne Demeanour

Still, I rather liked Eastbourne. It is refreshingly clean; its front, of which it is rightly "proud," is prettily bordered with flowers; its band plays unaggressively; and if all its visitors do not figure in Debrett, or even in "Who's Who," they refrain from eating cherries as they walk and betraying their mutual affection too publicly by the sad sea waves. At Eastbourne, even at its most unfashionable moment, you feel as if you must do "the right thing." Even the newsboys call attention to the *Star* in subdued tone, and the *char-à-banc* canvasser (he would be a tout anywhere else save at Eastbourne) takes "No" for a complete reply. The demeanour of the visitor to Eastbourne reminds one, in fact, of that of the small boy who comes down to dessert and knows that unless he behaves himself he will be deprived of strawberries. You literally could not eat shrimps at Eastbourne.

The "Wish" Tower

I "did" Eastbourne thoroughly. I went to the holy of holies, which is Devonshire Park, and is a charming place of rendezvous. I walked twice round the pier, and wasted sixpence on automatic machines that declined to work for my benefit. I assisted at a pierrot entertainment; I drove by motor-'bus to the foot of Beachy Head; I walked to the "Wish" Tower, and I very nearly went for a cruise in an excursion steamer. And I really enjoyed myself very much—not quite so much, perhaps, as did Mr. George R. Sims, who prefers Eastbourne to Monte Carlo. But, then, I know, I have not the same capacity for pleasure.

Unchanged

I failed to find Eastbourne much changed, and it is certainly not spoiled. The motor-'buses are not too obtrusive, and what new buildings there are prove a change for the better. The same Bath-chair man still draws the same old lady up and down the same front. The same diver—I suppose, though, it must be his son—dives from the pier-head with a shivering lady for a colleague, who makes the same mock rescue to the accompaniment of the same old jokes. The same wily angler still angles for the wilier dab, and I dare swear that the same phrenologist will interpret your bumps at the pier-head if you ask him. No, there is not much change in Eastbourne. It has grown, of course, but that is about all. And it has not yet grown out of "flies" and coaches and sailing yachts. You can, of course, sail or be driven by machinery if you will, but so far the motor still plays second fiddle to the horse. Which is a restful fact worthy of record.

Amusements

There were two plays running at Eastbourne while I was there. One was *The Rosary*, which I don't want to see, and the other *Our Flat*, which I had seen before. And there were one or two cinematograph shows. But the funniest show of all was one to which there was no charge for admittance. It was an "auction," at which wonderfully plated goods were knocked down to the inhabitants of Eastbourne at infinitesimal prices by an auctioneer, than whom I have never found one possessed of a more marvellous gab. He very nearly succeeded in making me buy a china toilet set. And he did manage to get a very aged weather-beaten fisherman to buy a diamond pin for twopence!

The Hotels

Eastbourne is especially lucky in two ways—its railway service and its hotels. The train that carried me to it ran down in an hour and a half, and

(*Continued on page 222*)

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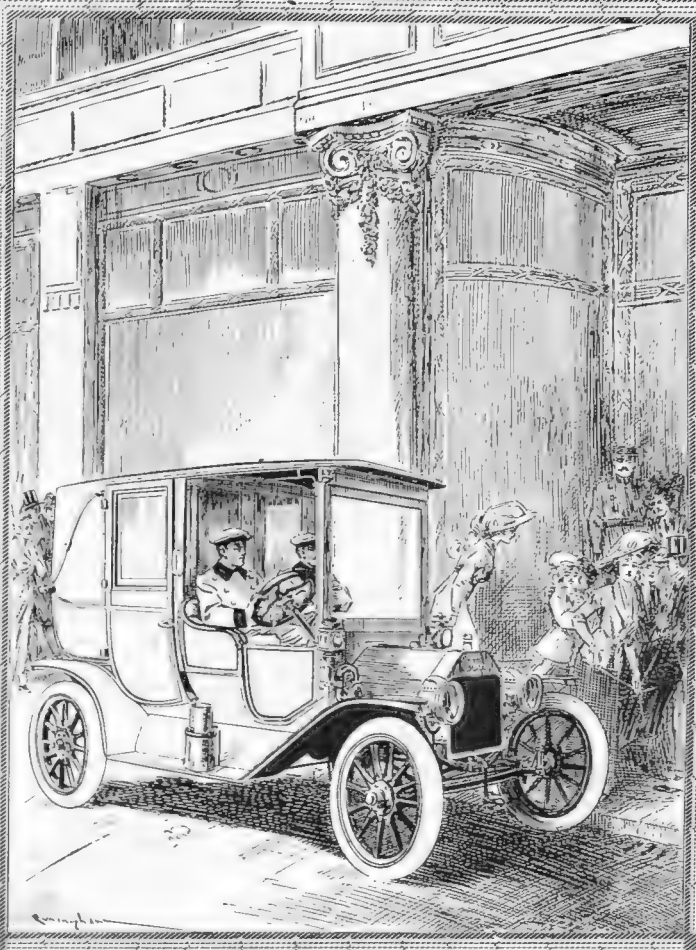

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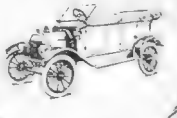

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(*Continued from page 220*)

the one that brought me back took five minutes less. The town certainly has a right to bless the Brighton line. Of the Eastbourne hotels, the three best are the Grand, the Cavendish, and the Alexandra. The Grand has grown greatly since I last visited it, and is now a remarkably fine building, which can easily hold four hundred visitors. Its lounge-hall has just been redecorated, and looks very smart and up-to-date. The Cavendish is essentially the "old family" hotel of Eastbourne, and is rightly proud of its Royal patronage. It has some beautiful suites of rooms, and occupies a splendid position on the front. Its charges, though, are quite moderate. The Alexandra is a small, but cosy place between the Grand and the Cavendish, and is kept by Mr. Wood, who was for twenty-one years manager at Trinity College, Cambridge. One can get a good front room with pension at the Alexandra for half a guinea a day. Another nice little hotel on the front is the Albion, and I daresay the Queen's is quite good, but as its "secretary" was unwilling to make my acquaintance I cannot vouch for it! All the hotels I visited are managed by Englishmen, and seem to me to prove the fallacy of the old idea that a Briton will never make a good *hôtelier*. Judging by what I saw at Eastbourne, he already makes an excellent one.

Answers to Queries

CAPTAIN G. L. F. S.—I have sent you Mr Palmer Samborne's address by post. He will, I feel sure, give you all the information you want. Martin Église would just suit you, I believe.

MEDICO.—I am much obliged for your information. Write to the Secretary of the Établissement.

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SPORTS and PASTIMES

SOME NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL FETISH

The International Idea

In the minds of those who take a man-in-the-street sort of survey of sport, whether they are called experts or not, there is considerable confusion of mind, and also, I'm afraid, some insincerity about the precise value of the international element which has now got into many of the pastimes in which we once stood alone. At least two instances there are only this week — the sculling race for the World's Championship between Barry and Pearce and the Davis Cup challenge round a day or two hence. The word "international" is a long one, and seems to have got many people badly tangled. First of all they say much more than they mean or than anyone ever believes about the precious advantages of having foreigners playing our games; then they suddenly discover that this means our being beaten now and then, and want us to avoid such a thing at all costs.

Exaggeration

As a matter of fact, it is neither such a tremendous boon if other nations adopt our sports nor an overwhelming disaster if they occasionally beat us at them. The international element adds interest to a game—though to judge a question like this from a purely spectators' point of view is always a dangerous thing — and there are undoubtedly several "wrinkles" to be picked up from those who have been developing on their own lines. Here again, though, it is perilously easy to exaggerate.

Photograph *C.N.*

RIVALS IN THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

Ernest Barry (on left) holder of the World's Championship, and his Colonial challenger, H. Pearce, who sculled for the title over the Putney to Mortlake course on Monday

No Case for Panic

It is, of course, a matter of regret to every sportsman when an important British championship or prize goes out of the country. This isn't quite so frequent as some people would have us think, but still it does happen. But don't let us, therefore, get into a state of panic and adopt some sort of semi-professional or American methods to get our own back. After the Olympic Games we were noisily urged to do this. During the recent Wimbledon Championships one critic did not hesitate to suggest that leading English players who met each other should have arranged which of them was to come through, so as to try and defeat the American bogie-man, McLoughlin. And the same spirit breathes in the defence which that veteran of sport, Mr. W. B. Woodgate, put forward in a letter to the *Times* last week of Leander's policy in sending to Henley, as Mr. Percy Illingworth put it, "All-England crews to compete against college and club eights for the Grand Challenge Cup."

Photograph *Sport and General*

E. L. KIDD

Of Cambridge University, the young cricketer of the year, who did admirably in both Gentlemen v. Players' matches and headed the batting averages last week

Playing the Game

This sort of idea can hardly be too strongly deprecated. At meetings like Henley or Wimbledon, let us play the game, and let the best man win. It won't hurt us, with our wide catholicity of sports, if a nation which has specialised in one gets the better of us for once. We take measures, of course, to prevent it happening again—but *not* by forcing out specialists under glass or collusion among the competitors against a visiting player or team.

F. L. M. D.

GOLF

Alfred Lyttelton

Golfers, in common with all other sportsmen and lovers of games, are mourning the grievous loss they have sustained by the untimely death of a singularly lovable and attractive man. Although Mr. Alfred Lyttelton won his great fame as an athlete and sportsman in other games than golf,

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

yet in his later years he was a devoted adherent of our game. He came to it too late to attain the highest rank, but he showed quite clearly by his play that he would have excelled at golf as he did at cricket if he had started the game in boyhood.

The Ideal Athlete

I had the good fortune to be at Eton when he was beginning that wonderful career of all-round excellence which gave him a place apart in the annals of British games. To me he was the embodiment of the ideal athlete, the man who trained his mind as well as his body, and who kept them both as fit as it was humanly possible to keep them. He was gifted with extraordinary magnetic powers, and his influence on his companions was wonderful. Whatever he did he did with all the powers at his command. I seem to see him now an alert and active figure dribbling the ball at lightning speed and with marvellous skill down "Sixpenny" in one of the school field matches. I can hear that curious resonant and slightly nasal voice of his as he called on his side for some special effort. He was a born leader of men, and I can imagine him heading some forlorn hope and being cheerfully followed by his men into the valley of death. It seems impossible to realise that we shall not see him again. It is but little more than a year ago that he presided, full of life and vigour, at the famous "Hilton" dinner. What a splendid chairman he was, and how gracefully he brought out in his admirable speech the various qualities of the player whom we had gathered to honour that night. It is tragic indeed that cricket, the game he loved, was connected with his untimely death. But perhaps he would have had it so, if choice had been given him. He died in harness in the full tide of his manifold activities, and he is mourned with deep and abiding grief wherever the English language is spoken. He was, indeed, the happy warrior, happy in his life, happy in his death, and happy in the universal love which he inspired throughout his brilliant career.

The French and American Professionals

Fresh from participation in the Open Championship, the American professionals, MacManara, Alex Smith, Brady, and McDermott, tried conclusions at La Boulie with a French team composed of Massy, Tellier, Gassiat, and Lafitte. In the singles the Frenchmen were victorious without exception, and they also won both of the subsequent four-ball matches. It was a complete triumph for natural over artificial golf. All the Frenchmen are natural players who play in a free and untrammelled style, while the Americans are singularly cramped and stiff in their methods. It is, indeed, the mark of American golf this attempt to reduce the game to a mathematical formula. It is to be hoped that some great player will arise over there who will scatter their "midnight oil" methods to the four winds and bring the American players back into the great school of such free and natural players as Messrs. John Ball and Harold Hilton, Vardon and Duncan. On their present lines the Americans bid fair to develop a race of the slowest and most laborious players on earth. It is a queer method entirely out of keeping with the brisk and resolute American character in other departments.

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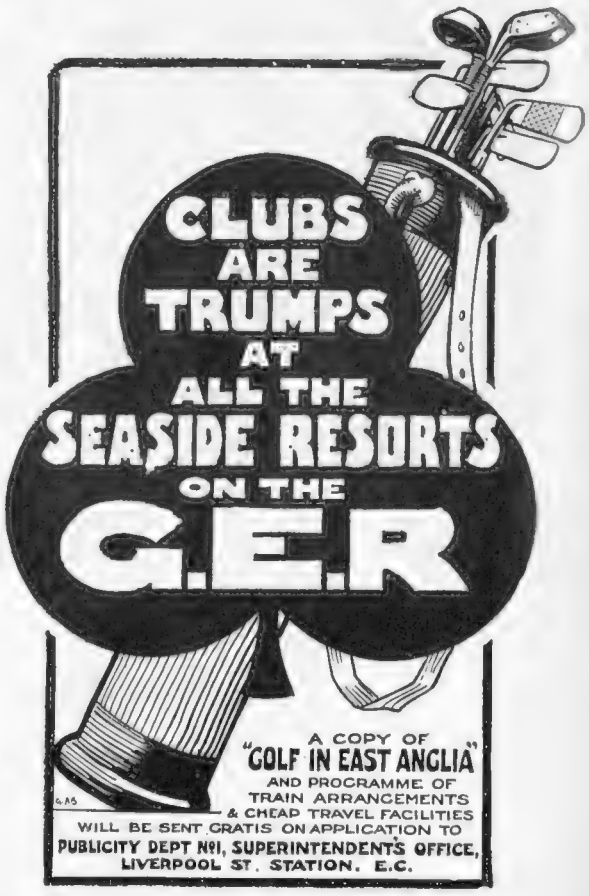

GLORIOUS DEVON,

THE FAIRYLAND OF THE WEST.

"FAIRYLAND" as Kingsley termed it, aptly describes the enchanting coast-line of North Devon, which perhaps of all the holiday centres of the "glorious" county is the most popular. On the one hand, Lynton and Lynmouth, with the famous Valley of Rocks and lovely embowered Watersmeet, and on the other the quaintest of all quaint resorts, Clovelly, with its world-renowned High Street and Hobby Drive, with no end of interesting environment to make the time pass pleasantly. About midway between is Ilfracombe, the "holiday magnet" of the West, built picturesquely on the rising ground of Cairn Top so that almost every house may be said to face the sea. On either side are the magnificent headlands Hillsborough and Tors Walks, commanding grand coast and Channel views.

In the vicinity are Combe Martin, Lee Valley, Mortehoe, Heddon's Mouth, Hunter's Inn and the beauties of the "Doone Country," mostly covered by the fascinating coach tours, Woolacombe Bay boasts fine sands, and the Barricane Shell Beach is near by. A little south-west is Braunton, for the Saunton Sands and Golf Links, and across the Bay, Instow, from which there is a ferry to Appledore and Westward Ho! for the well-known Royal North Devon Golf Course. There is also a light railway to these places from Bideford, and coaches to and from Clovelly. Torrington is a pretty inland town, and Barnstaple makes a good centre for a sporting holiday. Return Fares from London from 20s. 0d.

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Boulogne	3	22/6	—	14/-
Do.	8	30/-	25/-	17/10
Amsterdam	15	44/9	30/11	—
Ghent Exhibition (via Calais)	15	55/-	36/-	23/6
Ghent Exhibition (via Ostend)	15	44/-	28/6	18/6
Calais	3	24/-	—	15/6
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Ostend	8	31/10	23/10	15/9
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Bexhill	15/-	11/-	8/-	Martin Mill	18/6	12/6	9/-
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Canterbury	14/-	10/6	8/-	Rye	16/-	12/-	9/-
Deal	18/6	12/6	9/-	St. Leonards	14/-	10/6	8/-
Dover	17/6	12/6	9/-	Sandgate	17/6	12/6	9/-
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FRANCIS H. DENT, General Manager.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

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Pamphlets, giving full details of Weekly Excursions, August Bank Holiday Trips, Tourist and Week-End Tickets, etc., obtainable free at G.W.R. stations and offices, or from Tourist Development, 65, Haymarket; or send post card to Enquiry Office, Paddington Station. 'Phone: 7,000 Paddington.

G.W.R.

THE HOLIDAY LINE.

FRANK POTTER, *General Manager.*

RACING: Liverpool and Goodwood. BY CARBINE

What of The Tetrarch Now?

Frankly, I do not know quite what to make of The Tetrarch's display at Sandown Park on Saturday. The now famous spotted grey colt looked all right, and I am sure that no premonition of slackness was felt by anyone connected with his stable. We all expected him to outdistance the comparatively moderate field opposed to him. But he only just got home by a neck, and I don't think his jockey could greatly have widened the margin short of setting about him with the whip. What are we to think of his display?

Tracery's Brilliance

On the other hand, Tracery gave us a fine exhibition of his great merit in the Eclipse Stakes. He won with the utmost comfort, and now we are all eagerly awaiting his meeting with Prince Palatine. We are likely to get some very interesting racing at Liverpool this week, and it is possible that we may see Aboyeur. My selection for the Liverpool Plate on the opening afternoon is **Oliver Goldsmith**, and for the Mersey Stakes I shall take **Princess Dorrie**, whom I thought was decidedly unlucky at Ascot. I regard **The Angel Man** as very well handicapped in the Molyneux Plate, and HIGHWAYSIDE might be taken as a "saver." For the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes I am chancing something by recommending **Dan Russel**.

AS "CARBINE" PROPHESIED

Tracery won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park last week with some ease. Louvois was second, and Bachelor's Wedding third

Liverpool and Stewards' Cups

On Friday we have the Liverpool Cup, in which **Stedfast** looks at first glance to have almost a prohibitive weight, but it is not so really, and I expect to see him win this prize for Lord Derby. The Atlantic Stakes may be won by **Sanquhar**. At Hurst Park on Friday **La Marquise** appears to have a chance of winning another race for the King, whose recent successes have given the utmost pleasure to racegoers. Goodwood comes next week, and as I shall not have another opportunity of discussing the prospects of the Stewards' Cup I may express the opinion that **Braxted**, who won the race two years ago, may again be worth supporting.

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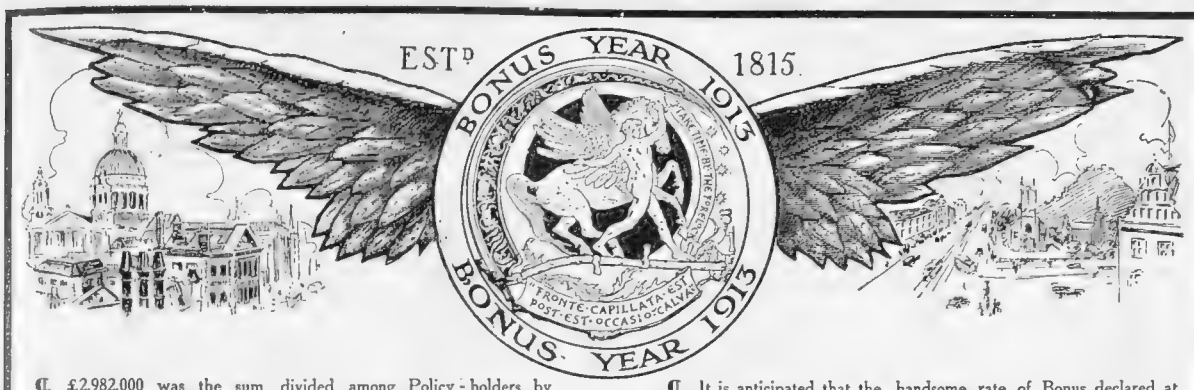

¶ £2,982,000 was the sum divided among Policy-holders by the Scottish Widows' Fund at the last Septennial Division of Profits.

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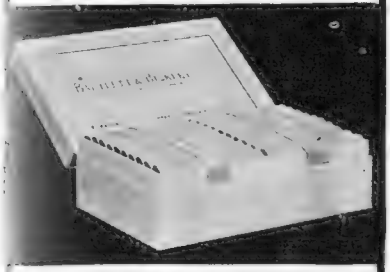

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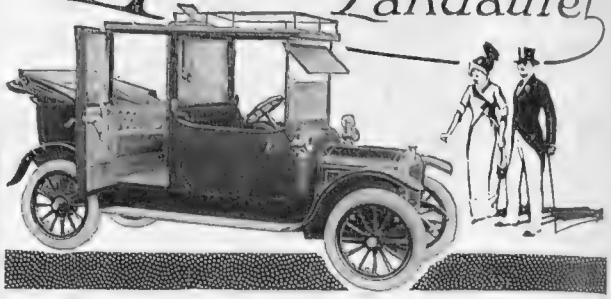

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It bends very often in the neighbourhood of Lynton, Lynmouth, Porlock, and the Beggars Roost Hill, and generally the bend discovers yet another stiff rise even more difficult to negotiate than the last. Over that country for three days the Napier—King of Trial Cars—travelled under R.A.C. observation, daily climbing hills which until recently were considered impossible for cars at all

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Grand Prix

The talk is all of the Grand Prix just now, and we must perforce spare a paragraph. The Peugeot won for the second year in succession; and so that the result should be placed beyond dispute, captured the second position also. The third Peugeot having run off the road and been put out of action thereby, the third position was open to the best of the other competitors, and the Sunbeam stepped in. The Delage cars put up a splendid fight for it, but the Sunbeam kept in front comfortably, although, its six cylinders notwithstanding, it was the engine of smallest cubic capacity among the eleven that finished, and the Delage firm had to content itself with fourth and fifth, the second Sunbeam arriving sixth. The winner averaged 72 m.p.h. and the Sunbeam 70 m.p.h., both being remarkably good results having regard to the fact that the petrol allowance was limited to fourteen miles per gallon.

The Sunbeam Scores

In the circumstances, and without attempting to detract from the fine achievement of the Peugeots, the Sunbeam did almost equally well. It was a standard engine in all respects, whereas the Peugeots, like the two Delage cars, had double inlets and double exhausts to each cylinder. That, of course, is not adverse comment upon the winner's method which was fully justified in the result; but the Sunbeam performance was the better demonstration of efficiency and economy from the point of view of potential owners of Sunbeams. Fourteen miles to the gallon from a six-cylinder standard engine running at seventy miles an hour for 500 odd miles is going "some." Wherefore very cordially we may acclaim both Peugeots and Sunbeams, and particularly the latter, for the sound reasons stated, as well as because it was the sole British representative in the whole competition.

The Possibilities of Economy

There are no "lessons" apart from the notable demonstration of fuel economy which the race provided. Having regard to the speed attained that economy will doubtless come as a revelation to many who, from engines of no larger dimensions are getting no better results, although their average speed does not exceed twenty. It is, of course, established beyond dispute that fuel consumption increases above a given speed out of all proportion to the increase of the speed. Yet the Grand Prix machines did seventy miles an hour and over, on an average 14 m.p.g. Which means, firstly, a very marked development in carburation, and, secondly, indicates within a little how prodigal with petrol the average owner or driver is, even when

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he imagines he is exercising special care. If the Grand Prix enlightens the motorist as to the possibilities of carburation and the value of carburetter adjustment, it will have served a very useful purpose in addition to providing us with a very stimulating spectacle. Lastly, as this was essentially a fuel consumption test, I must note the fact that all the honours went to the Claudel Company (in this country H. M. Hobson and Co.), whose carburetter was fitted to most of the starters and *all* the finishers.

Hull on Flight

Some funny little people in a place called Hull (people who know it have explained that the spelling is wrong) have been mightily excited recently upon the legality of Sunday flying, relying upon an act of Charles the First, himself, I believe, a bit of a flyer. The police issued a summons against Ronald Whitehouse, aviator, and went through the elaborate farce of taking the names of the spectators who assembled to see his Sunday flight in defiance of police prohibition, based upon the Act aforesaid. The police have now been advised with all legal solemnity that flight is neither a sport nor a pastime (which is an opinion as absurd as the original police action), and was not contemplated by the legislators of the time of the "Martyr King." There is doubtless an element of truth in the latter part of the decision. The flying contemplated by the legislators of that day was either from the Court of the Star Chamber, or a celestial flight with a take-off from Tower Hill! However, I note that according to Mr. Jane's estimate, not only is Great Britain in a desperately inferior position in the matter of aerial equipment, but equally inferior in the matter of the output capacity of its aeroplane firms. We, it seems, can only turn out 319 machines a year, whereas France is equal to 1,155 a year and Germany 857 a year. Hull's contribution to the solution of this problem is not very material. It's idea is to restrict where the obvious need is to encourage flight. Wake up, Hull!

BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The appreciation of the members of the Boy Scout Association for the Chief Scout, General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, took the very acceptable form of the 20 h.-p. 4-cylinder All-British "Standard" Landaulette illustrated

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is guaranteed to fit you perfectly, and being made of non-irritant fabric, is found very comfortable to the skin; its open texture permits of thorough ventilation, thereby evaporating the hot perspiration first absorbed by the soft elastic "Porosknit" fabric.

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2 tennis lawns, pergola, flower and kitchen gardens, thatched teahouse, orchard, and meadow, in all about 6¼ ACRES.

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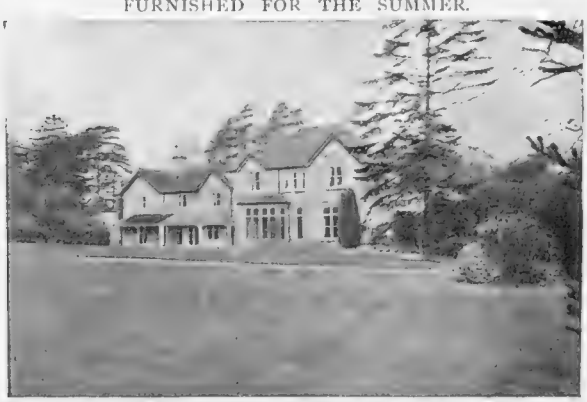

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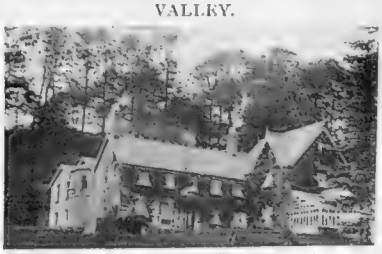

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Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.
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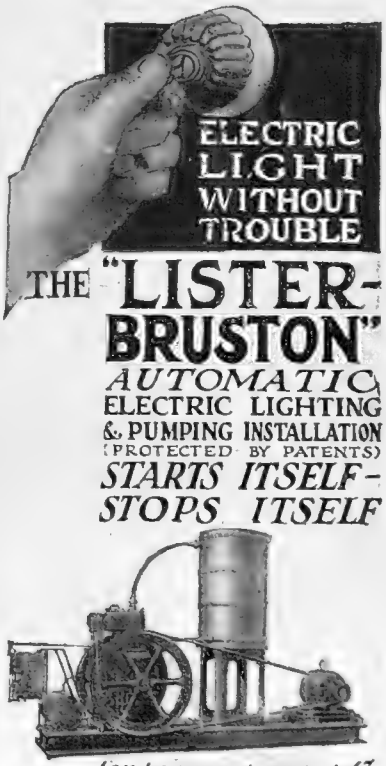

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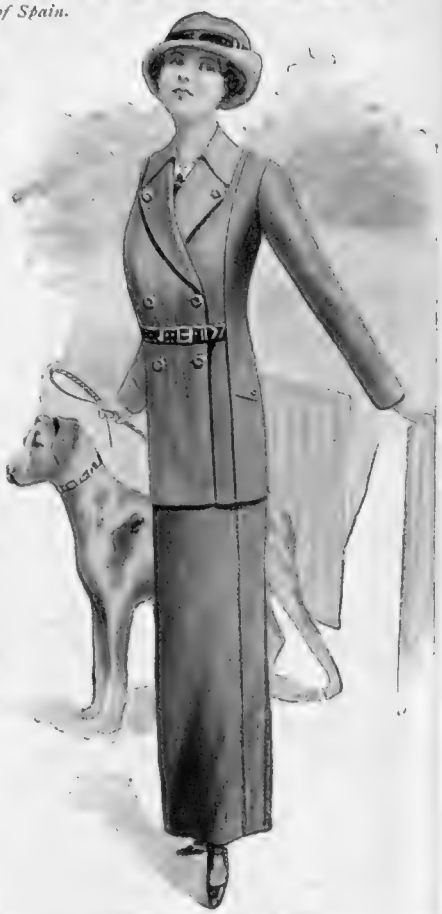

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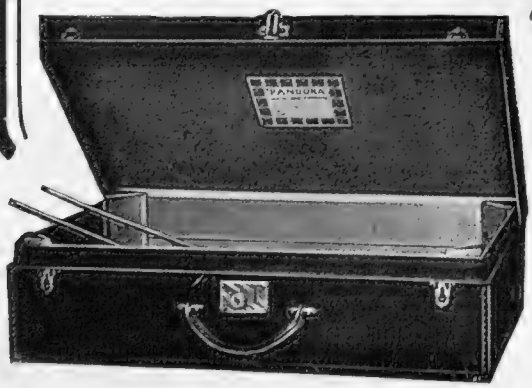

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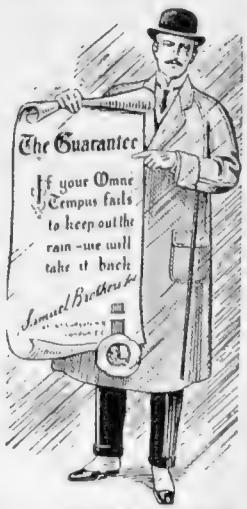

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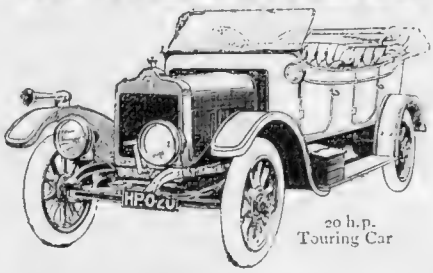

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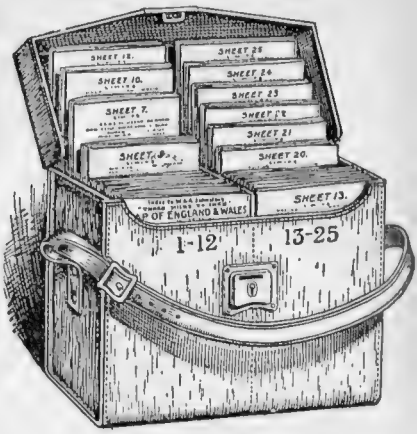

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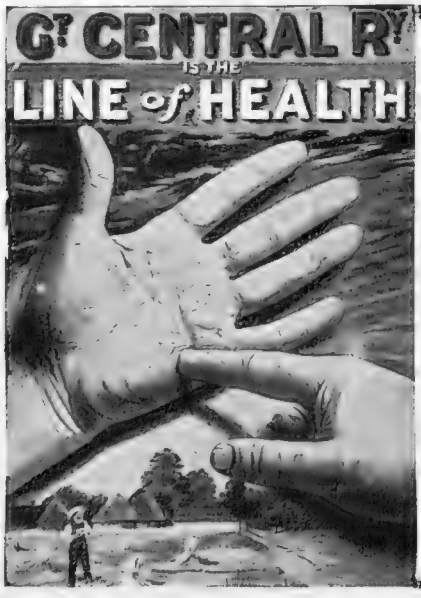

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"Ross" has natural blending properties, as a result of which it is often enjoyed with spirits.

"Ross" Soda Water possesses the same blending excellence of the well water. Pure, fine, sparkling but not gassy. Good alone. Improves spirits.

W. A. ROSS & SONS Ltd.
(Sole Manufactory) **BELFAST**
London, Glasgow and Liverpool

13/22

The SAVOY TAYLORS' GUILD LTD

The most elegantly appointed Shop in London.

Savoy Taylors' Guild Footwear upholds the high standard of excellence and exclusiveness and recognised 'correctness' which has made this Shop the buying centre for the critical menfolk of more than one Country. Savoy Moccasin Boots and Shoes embody a degree of comfort and durability which is something of a revelation after the usual run of even highly priced footwear.

Savoy Moccasins

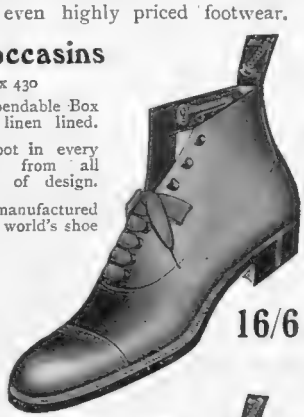
Style 209 x 430

An easy and dependable Box Calf Lace Boot, linen lined.

A gentleman's boot in every particular, free from all extravagance of design.

Every pair manufactured by the pick of the world's shoe craftsmen.

Quality and workmanship considered, Savoy Footwear is the most moderately priced in London.



16/6

Savoy Moccasins

Style 4476.

A De Luxe Model Button Boot with dull Kid legs and patent Golosh. Fine linen lining; the perfection of fit and style guaranteed.

There is no smarter boot than this to be found in London.

30/-

Savoy Moccasins

Shoe Style 2012 x 830

A Whole Cut Brogue Golfing Shoe, in Box Calf, or Willow Calf, made without seams o ensure great comfort. Stout soles and low broad heels (only British bred and tanned sole leather used in Savoy Footwear).

16/6

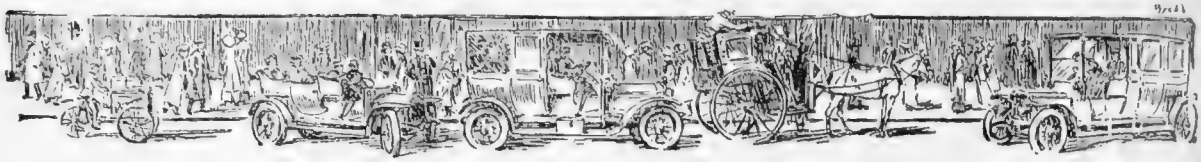
If you cannot visit us, we shall be happy to send, free upon request, details and patterns of new and correct styles in everything appertaining to men's wear.

Our Shops stand between the Savoy Hotel and the Cecil.

SAVOY TAYLORS' GUILD, Ltd.

88, 93, 94, & 95, STRAND, and SAVOY COURT, LONDON.

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

Elegance and Convenience

THE reputation of Madame Barri, 72, Baker Street, is increasing by leaps and bounds. Great claims are now being made on her fine abilities for the designing of gowns to wear during convalescence after an operation or any serious illness. These gowns for special occasions that have served to place Madame Barri on the crest of the wave are going to have far reaching results of which she herself even scarcely dreamed.

Who, forsooth, would suspect that the extremely elegant costume illustrated had concealed beneath its graceful lines an ingenious expanding arrangement whereby the figure never becomes unduly compressed under any conditions?

In Black Satin

This creation, one of many of a like *genre*, boasts a skirt of soft black satin, very deftly draped to meet at once the exigencies of fashion and circumstances. And a coat of black *moiré* brocade with a slight fullness at the front, just drawn gently in at a raised waistline, and there captured by a handsome *motif*, built of black satin worked round and about with black braid. The collar facing is likewise of black satin, on which a scalloped device is worked in similar braid; dainty filmy net ruffles finish the scheme.

AN ELEGANT COSTUME

Beneath the graceful lines of which is an ingenious expanding arrangement whereby the figure never becomes unduly compressed. The skirt is of black satin, and the coat of black "moiré" brocade; filmy net ruffles complete the scheme

(Sketched at Madame Barri's, 72, Baker Street)

A House Frock

A veritable picture frock for the house is also of soft black satin, and it is arranged as are so many of Madame Barri's models, all in one, as ladies find that so much more comfortable in every way. But the feature of the dress in question is the quaintest box-pleat frill of white tulle that, after passing round the back of the neck, is carried down either front to the waist, and down the centre of this white ruffle there is introduced another narrow one of black tulle worked with little touches of black and gold. The hiatus thus left by the part.ng of the fronts is filled in by a cross-over kerchief of white tulle, edged with fine Malines lace.

The most fastidious woman can safely entrust herself to the hands of Madame Barri, whose sense of shade and artistic combinations of colour, is on the same high plane as her practical sartorial knowledge and her keen understanding of what constitutes good *ligne*.

The Layette

On the subject of *layettes* she has given, as to every other, the most profound and interested attention, with the result that whether a *layette* at five guineas is all that can be commanded (the nucleus of the matter, so to say) or one running into big figures the same attention is accorded. But all information can be gathered from a brochure

When Ladies lunch together.

THE choice of "what to drink" is so often left to the men that it becomes a real problem when ladies lunch together.

Solve it—as so many men would—by ordering "C & C" Ginger Ale, the aristocrat of mineral waters. You can put nothing purer or more delicious into your glass. Order it in the restaurant and order it for your own home. Ask your wine merchant or grocer to send you a dozen bottles.

"C & C"
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

Made by Cantrell & Cochrane, Ltd.
Works: Dublin and Belfast. Established 1852.
Depots: London, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

MARK CROSS
LONDON
TRADE MARK

Write for Booklet No. 2 of "Cross" Goods

It is fully illustrated and free on request.

No. 2723

Your attention is directed to the graduation from the middle to the top of this bag. Take the bag in your hand, and you will be attracted by the sense of relief from strain. Your arm will be straight instead of being pushed outward as is the case when holding a broad-topped bag.

Best Grained Cowhide lined check linen
16 inch **48/6** hand made
also 14 inch. 18 inch. and 20 inch

MARK CROSS Ltd
89 Regent Street, London

The Home Beautiful

WILLIAMSON & COLE, Ltd., offer free of all cost a copy of their unique book **"The Home Beautiful,"** which for artistic Window Treatments and Art Furnishing holds the highest merit and is unequalled. Unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world denote the value of this interesting publication.

Curtain & Loose Cover Specialists.

"THE WELBECK" CHAIR
Covered in Cotton with loose Cover to suit customers' own requirements. Quotations upon application.

Cretonnes, Chintzes and **Taffetas**
Unique designs and colourings. One of the largest collections in the United Kingdom to select from.

The finest range of **Plain** and **Printed Casement Cloths,** including all makes of Cotton. Wool. Mohair, and Silk in the newest designs and colourings from **5½d.** per yard.

"Sunpruf"
UNFADABLE FABRICS
"The Fabrics of To-Day."

SPECIAL GUARANTEE:
All "Sunpruf" Fabrics are absolutely unfadable to sun, sea air and washing, and Williamson & Cole, Ltd., will replace any "Sunpruf" material that fails to meet this guarantee.

Patterns post free upon application.

Williamson & Cole Ltd
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

that Madame Barri is pleased to send for the asking from 72, Baker Street.

A Complete Novelty

Pining to learn something new about sports and travelling coats, I paid a visit to Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street and was at once introduced to a complete novelty. This comprises a three-quarter length loose roomy wrap slightly drawn to the figure below the waist by an extremely deep band on either front of which are introduced the cutest little flap pockets.

So our waistline is to run to the other extreme, you will observe, having lived for an appreciable period just beneath the shoulder-blade, it is now to reign about a similar distance below the normal. Well, well, we live in weird and strange times. But that this lowered waistline has been received with approval by the house of Kenneth Durward stamps it at once as a feature that will command recognition.

The actual model sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar was built of blanketing cloth in that always pleasant greyish green Lovat mixture, and is completed with stout leather buttons.

For Cowes the firm are fashioning some pure white serges striped with a pin-line, and they are likewise extremely busy with some quite new and extremely fascinating blocked velour hats. These are as light as the proverbial feather, and the shapes especially well-chosen and varied; also the colourings. There is one model, for example, in mole-grey, the brim lined-up with dull fuschia mauve; while another, a somewhat large *chapeau* with a good side line, is a regular flamingo red, tempered by a brim *doublure* and a *moiré* ribbon band round the crown of *tête de nègre*. Kenneth Durward is going to have a *succès fou* with these hats, which are at once pretty and practical and a complete change from the ordinary squash velour.

THE LOW WAIST

Which is becoming fashionable, is here illustrated in a costume of blanketing cloth of grey-green Lovat mixture, with stout leather buttons

(Sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street, by Dorothy Millar)

The Importance of Footgear

I thought it would be a relief to turn from the subject of sales, but I find that I was mistaken, as there is just one rather belated event that I am sure my readers will like to hear of, and that I, for what it is worth, am certainly going to profit by—that held by the Raoul Shoe Company, 195, Regent Street. The opportunity for acquiring this most covetable footwear will continue until August 2, and as the goods offered are of the same fine consistent quality throughout, a late visit is just as profitable as an early one. It is scarcely necessary at this date to applaud these beautiful productions, because Raoul build and finish are generally accepted as beyond reproach.

There is an elegance in the way these people model their boots and shoes that is quite singularly distinctive and attractive. Their sense of the artistic is so sure, too, as is evidenced by their wondrously delicate and harmonious colourings in the varied selections it is now demanded by *La Mode* they shall keep, for it is only natural that Parisian footwear should come to occupy a similar high position to that of the Parisian gown.

And no matter whether a quest here is for a smart practical walking shoe, or some exclusive creation as the "Cothurne," that makes an original and artistic feature of the *modish* silk lacing, there is always the same inimitable style. The firm, with a view to completely clearing off their present stock, which it becomes increasingly difficult every year to carry over on account of the exigent changes of fashions, have made their reductions of an exceptionally appreciable character.

"Cravenette"

The moment we are all preparing for holiday jaunts seems apropos for drawing attention once again to the unquestionable qualities of "Cravenette" as a shower-proofing process. All garments built of it carry a registered label and any lacking that identification are simply inferior imitations. Cravenetted cloth is both rain and weather-resisting, as the treatment attacks each separate fibre of the cloth. It will stand any amount of rough wear, and the ventilation is perfect owing to the goods being porous. Moreover, there is no odour and, curiously enough, the proofing improves with time, always provided the garment is well shaken before it is exposed to any heat after a wetting.

Household Cleaning

And with the holidays and the vacating of houses just a reminder that Messrs. Clark and Co., dyers and cleaners, Retford, are still in the land of the living. There is no single article of the household they are not prepared to return in all its pristine freshness and at charges that compare favourably with any.

A Phenomenal Success!

"THE talent of Success," said a great writer, "is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame." Fame comes when Success arrives, and as "nothing succeeds like success," this undoubtedly, is the secret of the fact that **Mrs. Hemming, the Great Beauty Specialist, of 58, South Molton Street, London, W.**, who invented and developed the now world-famous **Cyclax preparations** has recently had to make arrangements to extend her premises and augment her staff.

Her beautiful reception rooms, which now occupy an enormous space, have also been re-decorated and are replete with dainty and luxurious fittings and appliances. During the hot, dusty days of summer, tired shoppers will find it delightful to drop in at **58, South Molton Street**, for the soothing, refreshing and rejuvenating facial treatments of which **Mrs. Hemming** is the sole exponent.

Special Arrangements have now been made by which Mrs. Hemming—when not away on Royal Commands—can be consulted, so that individual cases can have her personal attention and every treatment can be carried out under her supervision.

Mrs Hemming is now giving special advice on the **Care of the Skin during the Summer Holidays**, and the best methods of applying Cyclax Preparations when away in the country, at the sea, or on the moors.

Send to the Cyclax Company for the new edition of the Cyclax Toilet Handbook, "**The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty**," by Mrs. Hemming. Besides valuable hints on Toilet matters, this work contains a full list, with prices, of the Celebrated Cyclax Preparations.

Special Preparations for Summer Use.

"Cyclax" Sunburn Lotion, 4/6 & 8/6, post free; "Cyclax" Complexion Milk, 4/- & 7/6 post free; "Cyclax" Complexion Balm, 6/6, post free; "Cyclax" Milk of Roses, 4/6, post free.

The Cyclax Company,
58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting.

Many designs for Day or Evening wear.

Smart Tailor Suit of "Marron" brown whipcord. Collar of Oriental embroidery, finished with silk of a deeper tone.

Price **10** Gns.

For Catalogue A, apply—

Barri,
72, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

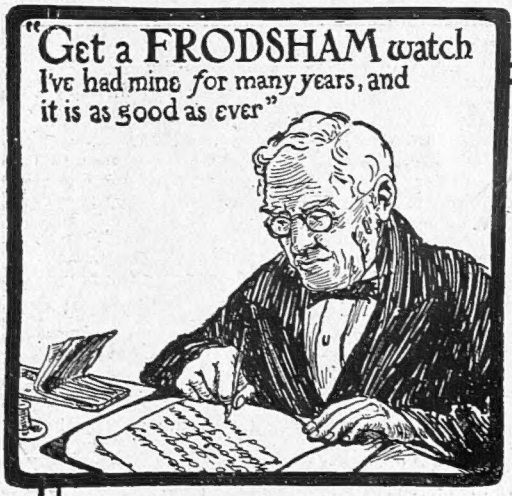
MATERNITY CORSETS & LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

COPIES OF OLD ENGLISH CHINTZES.

THE EXOTIC BIRD CHINTZ, 1/11 per yard.

Mr. Phillips has a large collection of reproductions of Old English Chintzes reproduced from genuine old specimens in his possession. The patterns copied are quite original and unlike the stock designs of drapers and upholsterers. Samples on application.

PHILLIPS, THE MANOR HOUSE, HITCHIN.



FRODSHAM'S

FINE ENGLISH WATCHES

Silver - - from £10 10 0
Gold - - from £21 to £300

Gold Wristlet Watches, own make - from £9 9 0 to £21

Repeaters, Chronographs, and special "Tourbillon" Watches always in Stock.

Chas Frodsham & Co
115 NEW BOND ST LONDON

The Menu: Some Dainty Breakfast Dishes

TO many housekeepers breakfast is a problem which causes them more worry and trouble than any other meal, particularly during the summer months. As much variety as possible should be introduced, and where there are children porridge or some sort of cereal is a good beginning. Oatmeal blancmange is nice made as follows: Bring one pint o milk to the boil, add half a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in one cupful of oatmeal, boil for forty-five minutes, add a well-beaten egg just before removing from the fire, and a little castor sugar. Pour into a wetted mould, turn out when set, and serve plain, or with jam or preserved fruit.

I

Oatmeal Porridge and Cream
Fish Croquettes
* Buttered Eggs with Tomatoes
Bread and Butter
Toasted Milk Scones
Fresh or Preserved Fruit
Tea. Coffee

II

Shredded Wheat with Cream
* Grilled Ham and Bananas
* Fish Omelette
Buttered Milk Rolls
Tea. Chocolate. Toast
Honey. Marmalade
Fresh Raspberries. Cream

Buttered Eggs with Tomatoes

Fry in a stewpan two large finely chopped and peeled shallots in ½ oz. of butter, and when of a pale golden colour add six peeled and sliced tomatoes; season to taste with salt and pepper; stir over the fire for about ten minutes, and add a little chopped parsley; arrange the tomatoes on a hot dish in the form of a border, and put four buttered or scrambled eggs in the centre of the dish; send to table hot.

Grilled Ham and Bananas

Cut the required number of slices of raw ham and broil them on both sides over the fire or under the gas deflector; skin some bananas, cut each in half lengthways, season with salt and pepper, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Dish up the ham, and place half a banana on each side of ham. Garnish with parsley, and serve hot.

Fish Omelette

Take the remains of cooked fish, free it from skin and bones, and flake it into very small pieces. Allow about one dessert-spoonful of fish to each egg. Beat up six eggs, add a pinch of pepper and sufficient salt to season. Stir in one large tablespoonful of cream and a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Heat up the fish in about ½ oz. of butter. This must be made hot before the fish is added. A small finely chopped shallot may be blended with the butter, if liked. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette-pan; when hot, pour in the egg mixture and continue stirring over the fire till it commences to set; fold in the ends a little, and put the fish in the centre; shape it neatly, so as to obtain a half-moon or cushion shape; allow it to take colour, and turn out on a hot oblong dish. Pour a little hot Hollandaise or tomato sauce round the dish.

EMILIA

SWIFT. *SURE.*

It is the minute attention to detail that makes cleaning in the 'Achille Serre Way' so superior.

Visitors who have been over our works are astonished at the various processes we use in the course of cleaning and "refinishing" articles sent to us. Although we have the most elaborate machinery for "dry-cleaning" we are not content with that treatment. It is only a preliminary. After leaving the machine the goods pass through the hands of many skilled workers. In one department spots and stains are removed, in another the trimmings undergo a special treatment. Much skill and labour is extended on pressing and finishing, and so on.

And we do all this in Four Days at very reasonable charges. Prices and address of Branch or Agent near you are included in our new Booklet "When the Sun Shines," Sent free on request.

Achille Serre Ltd.

(Nettoyage a sec)

Hackney Wick, London, E.

'Phone 3710 East. Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

64

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK IN HOT WEATHER

A glass of Horlick's Malted Milk contains all the unrivalled nutritive qualities of pure full-cream milk and the choicest malted barley and wheat, and the delicious natural flavour makes it a most welcome food-beverage at all times.

At Breakfast, Lunch, and Tea-time, Horlick's is a delicious addition to the Menu, and gives necessary nourishment in a light and palatable form.

As a beverage before retiring, Horlick's, taken hot, will induce restful sleep, and correct Insomnia.

A GLASS OF "HORLICK'S" WITH A DASH OF SODA IS THE IDEAL DRINK FOR SUMMER SPORTS,

Motorists, and for Boating or Picnic Parties, &c.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH HOT OR COLD WATER ONLY. NO ADDED MILK OR COOKING REQUIRED. SERVED in HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, and CLUB HOUSES.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK LUNCH TABLETS.

A delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth.

Of all Chemists & Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at **1/6, 2/6, & 11/-**

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

FOR THE HAIR.

Preserves, Beautifies, Restores it. Closely resembles the natural oil in the hair, which nature provides for its preservation. No other article possesses this property. Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. Poor hair mars the effect of a beautiful face. Good hair adds charm and interest to a plain one; every Toilet Table should possess this oil.

LADIES should always use it for their own Hair and for their Children's Hair as it lays the foundation of a luxuriant growth. Golden Colour for fair hair. Of Stores, Chemists, and **ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.** Avoid cheap worthless imitations: buy only Rowland's.

To

SOUTH AFRICANS AND AUSTRALIANS

Write

To ALFRED HOLT & CO., India Buildings, LIVERPOOL,

For full particulars concerning

The Blue Funnel Line.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

TO keep your neck white and firm, and to remove disfiguring brown marks, use LILIFIER. It is not a liquid white; but a restorative skin balm, which has stood the test for over three generations.

Price 2/6 & 5/-

LILIFIER

TO make and keep your hands, arms, white and soft, and the skin fresh and elastic, use LILIFIER, prepared from an old-world Quaker recipe and famous amongst American belles in Continental days.

Price 2/6 & 5/-

LILIFIER

WHY KEEP USELESS JEWELLERY?

Messrs. S. SESSEL & CO., of 14, New Bond Street, London, W., will give highest possible prices for Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, &c.; Cash sent per return of post. Our Representative will call on request.

Telephone, 2.762 Regent.

Bankers: London City and Midland Bank.

Madame ELVIRA,

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,

4a, LOWER BELGRAVE ST., VICTORIA, S.W.

Telephone - - - 6017 VICTORIA.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL

FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/3 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

THE WORLD-FAMED

Angelus PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to **their Artistic Supremacy Reliability and Moderate Prices.**

SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, Ld.,

Dept. 79, Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent St., Lndn.

ZOTOS

Absolutely prevents

Sea-Sickness & Train-Sickness

Of all Chemists.

£1:1:0 a year secures Absolute Safety for YOUR Valuables.

When clients place valuables in the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit they know that they are safe and under their own control—that they are guarded day and night—guarded closer than State secrets.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit is absolutely fire and burglar proof. *Trustees and others can obtain safes with two, three, or more locks when required.*

Inspection Invited. *Write for Prospectus.*

Chancery Lane Safe Deposit,

61-62, Chancery Lane, W.C.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

From **10/6**

All Stationers sell "Swans."
We maintain in perfect order.
Every "Swan" is guaranteed.
We allow for other and old pens.
We can match any steel pen.

Catalogue free on request.

MABIE, TODD and CO.,

79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

THE QUEEN of

CRÈME DE MENTHE PIPPERMINT

GET FRÈRES

A HIGH-CLASS TONIC AND DIGESTIVE LIQUEUR

Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.

Free Sample sent upon receipt of three penny stamps.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES:

B. LAURIEZ & CO., 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

The Editor's Box

Holiday Excursions

Attractive long-period excursions for summer holidays are announced by the London and South Western Railway to leave Waterloo Station on certain days every week for North Devon at return fares from 20*s.*, North Cornwall coast from 22*s.*, Dartmoor from 19*s.*, East Devon from 14*s.* 6*d.*, Dorset coast from 11*s.*, Bournemouth and the Evergreen Valley 11*s.*, the Isle of Wight from 9*s.* 6*d.*, the New Forest from 8*s.* 3*d.*, Lee-on-the-Solent, Southsea, Portsmouth, etc., 8*s.* In addition, the usual fifteen-day excursion tickets are issued every week from London (Waterloo) to St. Malo, Havre, Etretat, Trouville, Honfleur, Cabourg, Cherbourg, also to Rouen (including charming river trip through the Seine Valley).

A New Kursaal

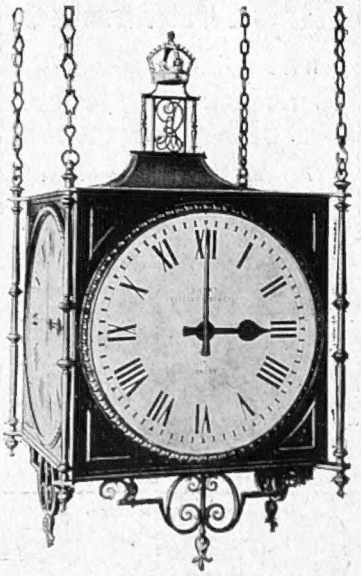
The official opening of the Villa Marina Kursaal, Douglas, took place on Saturday last. The ceremony was performed by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man (Lord Raglan) and Lady Raglan, who, together with a large party of guests, travelled on Friday from London by special train to Liverpool, proceeding thence by the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's new turbine steamer, *King Orry*. On arrival in Douglas the guests were entertained at supper in the Villa Marina Café by the Mayor and Corporation of the town; and at 3 o'clock on Saturday the opening ceremony was performed in the presence of a distinguished company.

A New Wristlet

The following are the main features of a new wristlet, the "Bulldog," which can be obtained from most tradesmen who deal in such things. In the first place the elastics are fitted in a few seconds without sewing, and cannot pull out. Then the wristlet is very flexible and comfortable to wear, as it conforms to every movement of the wrist. It fits everyone perfectly, and the means of fixing being automatic, there are no springs or catches to get out of order. It is a high-class article at a moderate price, and wristlets of suitable colours for any dress are supplied. There is no need to remove wristlet to wash; simply slide it farther up arm. There are no awkward buckles to be done up with one hand, for it simply passes over the hand and fits the wrist, no matter how small it is. This is not an experiment—it has been well tested and is now a proved success. "Bulldog" Wristlets are London made by very best workmen, and are suitable for both ladies and gentlemen.

A Noiseless Clock

Visitors to the Ghent Exhibition cannot fail to observe the handsome hanging clock in the centre of the British Post Office Court. Suspended, as it is, by chains from above, perhaps they wonder however it is wound up! But a nearer investigation shows a "master clock" on a wall some distance off, with an inscription



A Noiseless Clock

Worked by electricity. The master clock which governs it is capable of governing any number of dials. The clock is made by the Silent Electric Clock Company

explaining that not only the big four-faced hanging clock (of which we show an illustration), but also the smaller clocks round the stand, are controlled electrically from one master clock, every dial in consequence showing a unanimous opinion upon time that can never be attained by the individual clocks of the past. These clocks, which are largely used by H.M. Post Offices in this country, are manufactured by the Silent Electric Clock Co., Ltd., of Goswell Road, London.

At Maclean's Galleries

A strikingly masterful picture at the Academy this year is Francois Brunery's "Le Fumeur," figuring as No. 259 in the catalogue. The canvas, which hangs in the third gallery, portrays a big-boned Cavalier absorbed in his long clay pipe, and the artist seems to have invested his subject with characteristic animation and appealing charm. M. Brunery is the artist who gave us the well-known "A La Santé Du Chef," the copyright of which is owned by Messrs. Moet and Chandon, of champagne fame. Several of M. Brunery's pictures, including a number of his popular "Cardinal" studies, can always be seen at Maclean's Galleries in the Haymarket.

Parklangley Golf Club

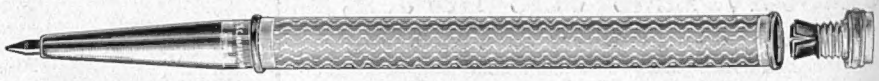
It will be remembered that the old mansion lately occupied by the members of the Parklangley Golf Club as a clubhouse was burned down during last winter. The new house, which has been erected on a more convenient site overlooking the course, is replete with every modern appliance for the comfort of members and their guests, and is reached conveniently from Beckenham Junction or Bromley (South) on the S.E.R. There is a private motor service from the station at Beckenham Junction to Parklangley and thence the route is by a new road direct to the clubhouse, situated on the border of this well-designed and picturesque course.

The Half-Belt

There has recently been put on the market a unique invention, which supplies a long-felt want as regards an ideal form of trouser suspension. This is "The Gillett Half-Belt," a very cute contrivance, which extends round the back only, being hooked to a button on each of the side seams just above the hips. The trousers are thereby held comfortably in position, greater muscular freedom is permitted, and abdominal pressure is done away with, and there is no uncomfortable ruffling or bulging of the shirt in front "The Gillett Half-Belt" is made in various colours and in two qualities (1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* post free), and may be procured from Messrs. Wheeler and Co., 26, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

For the Hair

Now that the weather for outdoor enjoyment is with us, and most of us that participate therein do so hatless, it is a most difficult matter to keep the hair always neat and tidy except by soaking it in greasy preparations. An ideal preparation that does so most effectually is Anzora Cream, being non-greasy, and, consequently, invisible on the hair. Nothing is so annoying than to have the wind ruffling your hair making you look so untidy. This preparation is worth a trial as I am convinced that once used it will be always used. It is obtainable from all chemists, hair-dressers, stores, etc., in 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* bottles.



A Dainty Pencil

Made in gold and enamel by Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, of Koh-i-noor fame

The Balkan War

I am asked to inform our readers that the officers of the Bulgarian Army carried Omega watches purchased by the Bulgarian Government. This Government insisted upon having watches of this make which are noted for high precision and solidarity in Bulgaria, as elsewhere.